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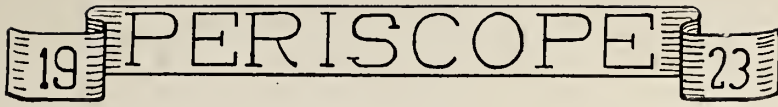
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**The Periscope
of
Churubusco High School
1923.**

19 PERISCOPE 23

FOREWORD

ALTHOUGH to practically every boy and girl their high school days are the happiest of their lives still they approach the end of their high school career with glad hearts and with expectation of a promising future. So, we, the Seniors of '23, too, look forward to our graduation, joyfully, but not without regrets. During the four years, which we have spent in Churubusco High School, we have made many dear friends, who will always have a place in our thoughts. It is only because of the greater things awaiting us, that we are anxious to enter a new and perhaps broader life.

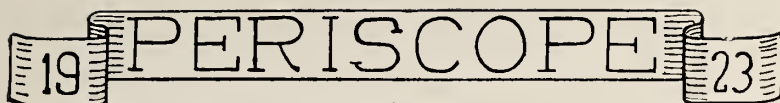
We wished to leave some remembrance to our school on leaving it, and to show our loyalty to our school, but the assistance of the faculty advisors and student body, we have given both time and earnest effort to the publication of the "Periscope" of '23.

With the completion of any work, which has required of us the best we have, it is natural that we be somewhat anxious that it meet the approval of all. In so much as the patrons and students have at all time enthusiastically encouraged the Staff and Board in this, their first effort to publish an annual, we desire especially that they be pleased and feel that this book is theirs.

*To the Pro-
gressive Spirit of the
Churubusco High School
which has been brought about
by the co-operation of the faculty and
the patrons with us; we the stu-
dents, with due appreciation
dedicate this third edition
of the "Periscope"*

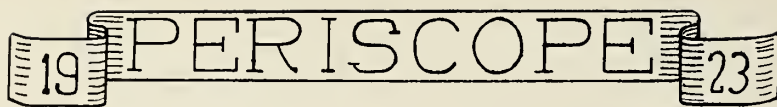
In Memoriam.

Arthur Crawcock.

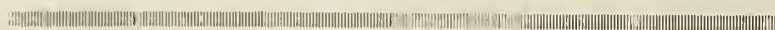


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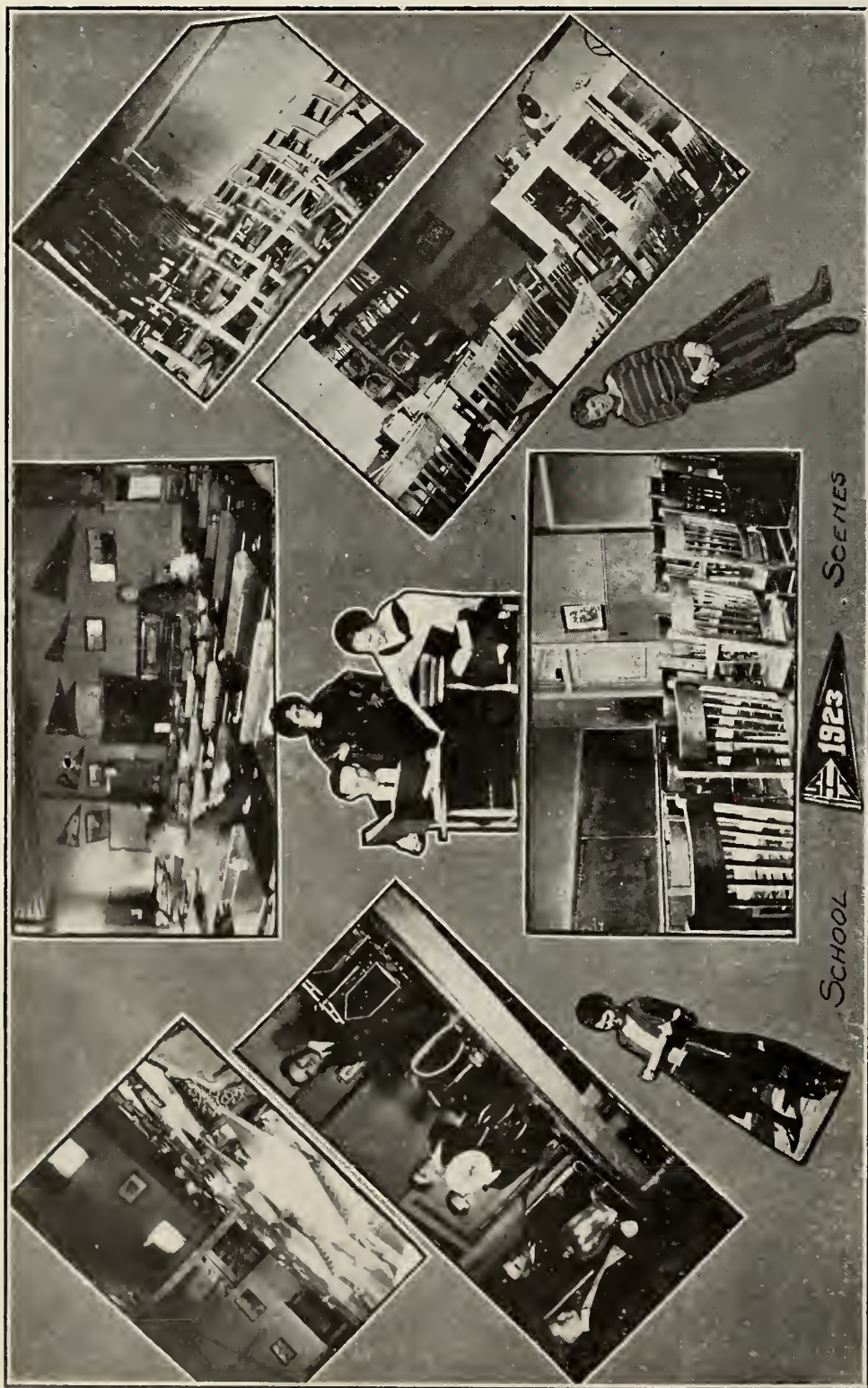
19 PERISCOPE 23



*"Better build schoolrooms for the boy
Than cells and gibbets for the man".*



19 PERISCOPE 23



FACULTY





Principal,
THOMAS B. McGUIRE, A. B.
Indiana State Normal School.

History and English.

EDITH L. WEISHEIMER
Indiana State Normal School.

Latin and English.



J. ROY SMITH,
Indiana University.
Science and Mathematics.

19 PERISCOPE 23

KATIE PAIGE,
Indiana University.

Domestic Science and Botany



WALTER RAY MIKSEIL,
Purdue University.

Manual Training and Mathematics.

MARY JOSEPHINE MCCREERY,
Indiana Central College.

Music and Art.



19 PERISCOPE 23



"CHEERFUL WIGGLERS"



DERE
MABLE"

SCHOOL
GIRLS



"TREE'D"

THREE
DEEP



"PALS"



"J
L
G
S."



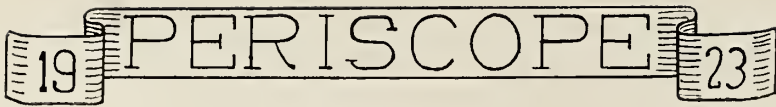
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19 PERISCOPE 23





SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

BERNARD MALONEY, President.

HENRY FLOWERS, Vice-President.

ETHYL YANT, Secretary-Treasurer.

COLORS:

Cerise and White.

FLOWER:

Lily of the Valley.

MOTTO:

Ascende etsi saxa sint aspera.

SENIORS GOOD-BYE.

Good-bye days,
I never thought in long ago
That, when you were my yesterdays,
The sweetest ones I ever knew
I'd say, "I loved them so."

Good-bye days,
The cord that binds you round my heart
Is spun of blessed memories—
Its strands of friendship tried and true
Will never fray or part.

Good-bye days,
Good-bye, I loved you so,
No flood of years can wash thy praise
From out my heart or welling lips—
Good-bye old school days.

—Bernard Maloney, '23.

19 PERISCOPE 23

LOLITTA BOGGS

"Liter"

"Though I am always in haste,
I am never in a hurry."

County Fair '21-'22; Senior Play '22-'23.

DONALD DAVIS

"Don"

"He builds for character, not for fame."

Class Secretary '19-'20; Yell Leader '20-'21,
'21-'22, '22-'23; "Happy" in "Aaron Boggs" '20-
'21; Basket Ball '20-'21, '21-'22; Class Presi-
dent '21-'22; President of C. H. S. A. A. '22-
'23; High School Quartet '21-'22; Sport Edi-
tor "Periscope" '22-'23; Minstrel '21-'22; "The
Tailor Made Man" '22-'23.

CRACE DEEM

"I'll laugh if it's really funny."

Operetta, "Wild Rose," '20-'21; Glee Club '22-
'23; Class Play '22-'23.

CLARENCE DILLER

"Jiggs"

"And it shall follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Vice-president '20-'21; Basket Ball '21-'23;
Senior Play '21-'22; Track '22; Senior Play
'22-'23; Joke Editor of "Periscope" '22-'23.

KENNETH FLECK

"Kennie"

"One car it heard, at the other out it went."

Corn Judging Team '21-'22; Track '22-'23;
"Periscope" Board '22-'23; Senior Play '22-'23.





HENRY FLOWERS

"Hank"

"The multitude is always in the wrong."

Deshler High School '19-'21; Vice-president of Class '22-'23; Art Editor of "Periscope" '22-'23; Senior Class Play '22-'23.



BERYLE FRAZIER

"Barrel"

"The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books."

Class Secretary '20-'21; Operetta, "Wild Rose," '20-'21; Minstrel '21-'22; Glee Club '22-'23; Senior Play '22-'23.



LLOYD GARRISON

"Johnny"

"The world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those who feel."

Treasurer '19-'20; Basket Ball '21-'22, '22-'23; "The Tailor Made Man" '22-'23.



THERON GRAWCOCK

"Peck"

"I will speak daggers to her, but use none."

Vice-president '21-'22; "A College Town" '21-'22; "Aaron Boggs" '20-'21; "The Hoodoo" '20-'21; Senior Class Play '22-'23; County Fair '21-'22; Basket Ball '22-'23; Track '21-'22; Quartet '21-'22; Glee Club '22-'23.

19 PERISCOPE 23

EVERETT HARTER

"Bill"

"Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness."

Class President '19-'20; "The Tailor Made Man" '22-'23.

MARJORIE HARTER

"Margie"

"She is pretty to walk with
And witty to talk with
And pleasant, too, to think on."

Operetta, "Wild Rose," '20-'21; County Fair '21-'22; Girls' Glee Club '22-'23; Senior Play '22-'23.

HELEN ISAY

"Mike"

"Variety is the spice of life."

Pianist '20-'21, '21-'22, '22-'23; Basket Ball '20-'21, '21-'22; "Wild Rose" '20-'21; County Fair '21-'22; Oratorical Contest '19-'20, '20-'21; Orchestra '22-'23; Senior Class Play '22-'23.

WILLIAM JETMORE

"Bill"

"The past forever gone, the future still his own."

Track '22-'23; "The Tailor Made Man" '22-'23.



19 PERISCOPE 23



HAZEL JOHNSON

"Sis"

"A daughter of the gods they say,
Divinely tall and most divinely fair."

Basket Ball '21-'22; County Fair '21-'22; Girls'
Glee Club '22-'23; "A Tailor Made Man"
'22-'23.



PAUL KRIDER

"Perpetual Motion"

"He attains whatever he pursues."

Class Play '23.



WILMA MCGUIRE

"Twisty"

"Were silence golden, I'd be a pauper."

Basket Ball '21-'22; County Fair '21-'22; "Wild
Rose" '21-'22; Glee Club '22-'23; Senior Play
'22-'23.



JOSEPH MADDEN

"Joe"

"If Caesar had not lived
I should not have suffered."

Basket Ball '22-'23; Senior Play '22-'23.

19 PERISCOPE 23

BERNARD MALONEY

"Irish"

"Blessed with plain reason and sober sense."

County Winner of Free Trip to "Purdue Round-up" '21-'22; Basket Ball '21-'23; President of Class '22-'23; Senior Class Play '22-'23.



LEWIS MATTHEWS

"Lucy"

"When shall we meet his like again?"

Captain of Basket Ball Team '22-'23; Basket Ball '21-'23; Business Manager "Periscope" '22-'23; "The Tailor Made Man" '22-'23.



HERMAN PAULEY

"Elizabeth"

"Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality."

Muncie High School '19-'21; Annual Staff '22-'23; Annual Board '22-'23; "The Tailor Made Man" '22-'23.



OLIVE PAULEY

"Ollie"

Muncie High School '19-'21; Treasurer of Class '21-'22; Glee Club '22-'23; Class Play '22-'23.





MILDRED RAYPOLE

"Mid"

"Really and truly—I've nothing to wear."

Oratorical Contest '19-'20; Basket Ball '20-'21; County Fair '21-'22; Society Editor "Periscope" '22-'23.



THOMAS RUBLE

"Tom"

"A Mother's pride, a father's joy."

Class President '20-'21; "The Hoodoo" '20-'21; "A College Town" '21-'22; "All on Account of Polly" '19-'20; "Aaron Boggs" '20-'21; Orchestra '22-'23; Senior Class Play '22-'23; Minstrel '21-'22; Oratorical Contest '19-'20, '22-'23; Glee Club '22-'23.



THELMA THOMPSON

"Tomcat"

"A creature not too bright or good
For Imman nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles."

Vice-president of Class '19-'20; "Aaron Boggs" '20-'21; State Discussion '20-'21; Basket Ball '20-'22; "Wild Rose" '20-'21; Secretary of Class '21-'22; Secretary C. H. S. A. A. '22-'23; Editor-in-Chief of "Periscope" '22-'23.



TEDDY VAN WETER

"Ted"

"Study never claimed him for her own."

Class Play '22-'23.



ETHYL YANT

"So sweet to hear, so fair to see."

Collins High School '19-'21; Secretary of Class '22-'23; Class Play '22-'23.

CHARACTERIZATION

NAME	NATIONALITY	DISPOSITION	PASTIME	AMBITION	WILL BE	PET NAME
Bernard Maloney	Irish	Funny	Singing	Has none	Police man	"Fish"
Clarence Diller	Chinese	Nervous	Primping	To be a rancher	Clerk	"Jiggs"
Theron Gravcock	Cannibal	Carinorous	Sleeping	K. K. K.	Soda jerker	"Peck"
Olive Pauley	Doubtful	Sunny	Stammering	Nurse	Lawyer	"Ollie"
Joseph Madden	Turk	Mischievous	Caesar	Virgil	Bandit	"Joe"
Teddy Van Meter	Tarter	Sober	Frowning	Prize fighter	Organ grinder	"Ted"
Thomas Ruble	Key Stone	Musly	Bluffing	Movie star	Comedian	"Tom"
Lewis Matthews	Compound	Complex	Working	Editor	Milkman	"Louie"
Paul Krider	Freakish	Energetic	Electricity	Be different	Mechanic	"Perpetual"
Mildred Raypole	Various	Frivolous	Novels	Housewife	Teacher	"Mild"
Thelma Thompson	Shark	Changeable	Sneezing	Teacher	Wife	"Tomcat"
Marjorie Harter	Greek	Indifferent	Joking	Doctor	Insurance agent	"Marjie"
Helen Isay	Hebrew	Musical	Teasing	Di-hwasher	Hash slinger	"Freckles"
William Jetmore	Mexican	Carefree	Honest scrap	Graduate	Ballet dancer	"Bill"
Everett Harter	Polish	Spongy	Growing	Minute man	Butler	"Bill"
Lolita Boggs	Gypsy	Sweet	Hurrying	Chaperon	Farmerette	"Lter"
Grace Deem	Russian	Shy	Ted (?)	Teacher	I wonder!	"
Wilma McGuire	Blarney	Impulsive	Just talking	You can't guess	Old maid	"Twisty"
Ethyl Yant	Dutch	Childish	Dreaming	Farmer's wife	Num	"
Beryle Frazier	Spanish	Dramatic	Studying (?)	Millner	Missionary	"Barrel"
Hazel Johnson	Roumanian	Temperamental	Dates	Heiress	Nurse	"Sis"
Donald Davis	Dago	Crazy	Puppy love	Angel	(?)	"Don"
Henry Flowers	Jap	Critical	Arguing	Artist	Clown	"O'Henry"
Herman Pauley	Quaker	Snappy	Smiling	Pres. of U. S.	Justice of peace	"Elizabeth"
Lloyd Garrison	Hobo	Harmless	Studying Latin	To be in love	Married	"Johnny"
Kenneth Fleck	Swiss	Conservative	Poetry	Poet	Safe breaker	"Kenny"

AUTUMN DEJECTION

These are the bleak days of November;
 The air is drear and chill;
 The sky is asking us to remember
 That snow can fall, still.
 Most of the green verdure is fallen and dead,
 And the green grass is more beautiful
 Blended with fallen leaves—brown and red.
 From the soil, the crop, so bountiful,
 Has been harvested and transported,
 Leaving only a dreary remnant
 Of that beauty which its nature sported.
 All of the landscape is one dreary penant,
 Suggestive of the glory preceding.
 As old age follows prime and youth
 So we think of nature and her bleeding.
 In summer her verdure clothes her; but now, how uncouth!
 The birds have nearly all forsaken her,
 And gone to another land;
 Because their plumage cannot substitute for fur
 In hoary winter, when trees are taxed to stand.
 The sky is leaden and gray,
 The breeze has the tang of the north,
 Seldom throughout the day
 Does the sun shine forth.
 The frost has nipped so often—
 Smearing nature's countenance with many gaudy paintings.
 Which do not serve to soften
 The refrain of dying summer's plaintings.
 Fall may be beautiful to some;
 But as I think of the devastation
 That has wrought and brought the glum
 Of nature's splendid nation,
 All is sad and dreary before me.
 As generations of men do pass away,
 Generations of leaves on many a tree
 Are shaken to the earth by their parent's sway;
 And finally harbored in sheltered lea,
 Until they finally rot away.
 And many a plant and flower,
 And vine, weed, twig and root,
 Meets its death by fall's cruel power;
 As many perish by nature's creature's loot.

Snow will soon mantle the land,
 Covering the rotting, dead flora
 As quickly as a wizard by waving his hand.
 A carpet of ermine will adorn earth's floor.
 But while waiting this transfiguration,
 All surroundings must be bleak and bare.
 The winter's snow will bring a reformation;
 When, of earth's surface, it has taken care.
 What will be is not the present;
 Therefore let us think about these autumn days,
 And rejoice in that which is pleasant.
 Forget the cruelty of autumn ways,
 And live in that which is now.
 Think upon what has been
 And not the bitterness which nature must allow.
 Like the death of heroic men,
 Everything must have an end,
 Whether in the fall, winter, summer or spring.
 Rejoice to the beauties left and tend
 Them, that Mother Nature will again bring
 The beautiful verdure there late has been.
 Childhood, youth, manhood and life all cease—
 In fact, everything but the soul and honor.
 Then, why should plant life not release
 Itself from earth, to wander
 In distant lands, to this far superior?
 For, as man's soul is transmigrated—
 And for this his body made the wearier—
 Then so, to heaven, is the plant's soul related.
 Just consider that nature will bloom again,
 The next time better than before,
 Because practice along with rain
 Will make lovelier the beauties which we adore.

—HENRY MILTON FLOWERS.

19 PERISCOPE 23



19 PERISCOPE 23

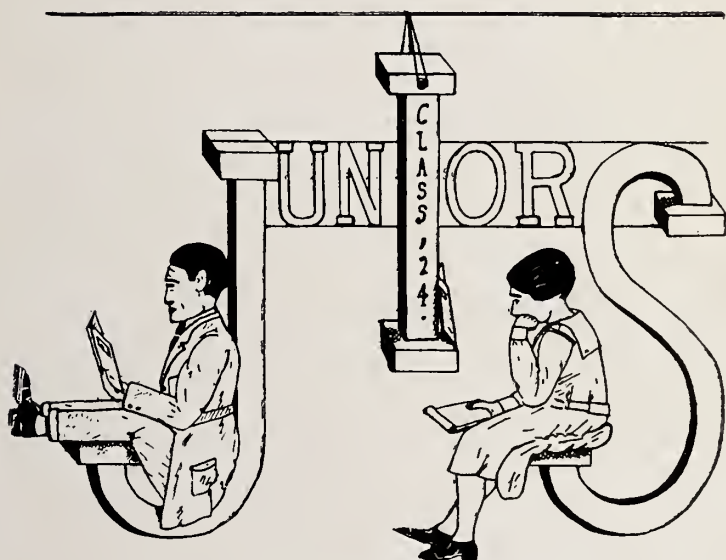


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JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

NELLIE JONES, President.

JOSEPH WEAVER, Vice-President.

WILLIAM FULLAM, Secretary-Treasurer.

CLASS COLORS:

Green and White.

A youth in apparel that glittered
Went to walk in a grim forest.
There he met an assassin
Attired all in garb of old days;
He, scowling through the thickets,
And dagger poised quivering,
Rushed upon the youth.
"Sir," said this latter
"I am enchanted, believe me,
To die thus,
In this medieval fashion,
According to the best legends;
Ah, what joy!"
Then took he the wound, smiling,
And died, content.

—*Stephen Crane.*

19 PERISCOPE 23

RAY BARCUS

"His conduct still right, with his argument wrong."

ROBERT BENWARD

"He is full of good intentions."

CHARLES BRUBAKER

"The lion is not so fierce as pictured."

VIRGINIA CARTER

"She loveth pleasure."

BERNICE DEEM

"Who speaks the truth and stabs falsehood in the heart."



19 PERISCOPE 23



EVERETT FLECK

"I have more understanding than all my teachers,
for their testimonies are my meditations."



GRACE FLOWERS

"A fair exterior is a silent recommendation."



WILLIAM FULLAM

"From the crown of his head to the sole of his
feet, he is all mirth."



BERNICE GORDON

"Wisdom is better than rubies."



PAUL GRAWCOCK

"Be not ignorant of anything; in a great matter
or small."

19 PERISCOPE 23

SAMUEL GRAY

"A prodigy of learning."

FLORENCE KING

"I am as sober as a judge."

NELLIE JONES

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful disposition."

TRUMAN KRIDER

"Style is the man himself."

GERTRUDE MADDEN

"Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
Are lost on hearers, that our merits know."



19 PERISCOPE 23



LILAH OLINGER

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace."



HAROLD RAPP

"A tall man, sun crowned,
Who lives above the fog."



ARTHUR SMITH

"All things come to him who will but wait."



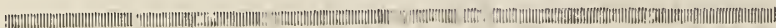
DOROTHY SPROULS

"Ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."



RALPH THOMPSON

"And e'en though vanquished, he could argue still."



19 PERISCOPE 23

WILLIAM VAN METER

"Love in my heart, as idly burns
As fire in antique Roman urns."

CEDRIC VEAZEY

"We grant, although he has much wit
He is very slow in using it."

JOE WEAVER

"I am mighty in strength."

JAY WHAN

"I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

FRANCIS HARTER

"As large as life and twice as natural."



TAD

IN a city in central Illinois, you may find in the middle of the square of its busiest street, a bronze Newfoundland dog, in its mouth, it holds a little child by its clothing. The statue stands on a huge block of red granite, on which is inscribed, "In Memoriam, Tad, a Friend of Man."

This is the story of Tad: A few years ago, a Newfoundland dog, roamed the streets of the city. His master was the traffic policeman at the corner of Main and Vermillion, the busiest streets of the city. The dog by close observation learned the signs to regulate traffic. He took it upon himself to help the feeble across the street; he carried their bundles and guided them to safety. This he had done many times.

One day he had safely guided a lady and her little child across the street, and had darted back when he heard a scream behind him. The child had followed him and had fallen in the path of an on-coming truck. As quick as the eye could perceive it, the dog had turned; had seized the child; and carried it out of harm's way. Tad, however, was struck and instantly killed. Men and women were not ashamed of the tears that flowed freely as the lifeless body of the brave animal was carried to its master's home.

On the following day a man came to the home of the policeman, and said, 'My child was saved from lying as Tad now lies. To show my appreciation, I ask, that he be buried in the middle of the street, where he died, a hero.'

The man had much influence with the city-board, so Tad's body was buried near the place where he had fallen. Later the father of the little child erected the monument which tells to all the story of Tad.

—Samuel Gray, '24.

19 PERISCOPE 23



SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

HOWARD NICKEY, President.

EVERETT JONES, Vice-President.

VERA DECK, Secretary.

FRANK FLOWERS, Treasurer.

CLASS COLORS:

Blue and Gold.

CLASS ROLL:

Harold Abbott

Donald Arnold

Ruth Barcus

Mildred Bear

Edna Boggs

Vera Deck

Mary Diller

Rossie Duncan

Frances Duncan

Bessie Fleck

Frank Flowers

Guy Frazier

Catherine Gordon

Jesse Grimm

Neva Herron

Ellsworth Johnson

Blanche Johnston

Grace Johnston

Everett Jones

Ralph King

James Kocher

Helen Maloney

Hildreth Miller

Howard Nickey

Lois Stockert

Lois Summers

Mabel Wade

Edna Young

Clyde Zolman.

19 PERISCOPE 23



THE GHOST

“AND so every night from nine o'clock to midnight his spirit wandered on earth. He appeared to Mr. Lane and so frightened the old gentleman that he never recovered, but died two weeks later from the shock to his weak heart,” read Mary Owens.

“My, it is late,” said Mary. “I shall have to finish my story tomorrow.”

Slowly she climbed the stairs of the old fashioned house. They had just moved to this home from a modern one and the stairs were steep and unfamiliar.

“I am sure I heard footsteps,” she thought as she reached the landing. “I'll not dare think about that ghost story or I won't sleep a wink.”

Soon she was fast asleep.

“Chuck! Chuck! Chuck!” came the ghostly laugh.

Mary's eyes flew wide open and she lay still with every nerve strained.

“Chuck! Chuck!” came the soft laugh again.

“Oh! Oh!” screamed Mary and dived under the covers.

“I'm coming, Mary. What's the matter?” called her father.

“Oh, there is a ghost in this room. I heard him laugh. I won't stay up here unless you stay with me.” So he sat beside Mary until she went to sleep.

The next night the same thing happened, only this time it was a soft tapping instead of a laugh.

“Tomorrow night I shall catch the ghost,” said Mary's father. “You sleep down stairs and I will sleep in your room.”

That night the room was very still and soon he grew tired of listening and fell asleep.

Crash! Bang!

He was wide awake and out of bed in an instant but when he had found his flashlight all he saw was the mirror lying on the floor in a thousand pieces.

“That's strange,” said he while a cold little shiver went over him. “What if this was a haunted house. I'll get my neighbor tomorrow night and we will watch all night.”

All that day Mary's mother and father started at every sound and Mary screamed when a dish fell from the table.

At night Mr. Jones came and the two men went to bed upstairs. For a long while they talked in whispers. But the later it grew the more strained their nerves became. Every time a creak crowed they started as if they were struck at.

“I believe I hear a rushing noise,” said Mr. Jones, the cold sweat standing on his brow.

“You get your gun ready,” whispered Mr. Owens. “I'm going to turn the flashlight on before it gets away. I think it's over by the chimney. Now ready!”

The light traveled over to the chimney and there sat a large fat rat blinking at the light. It turned and ran behind the dresser.

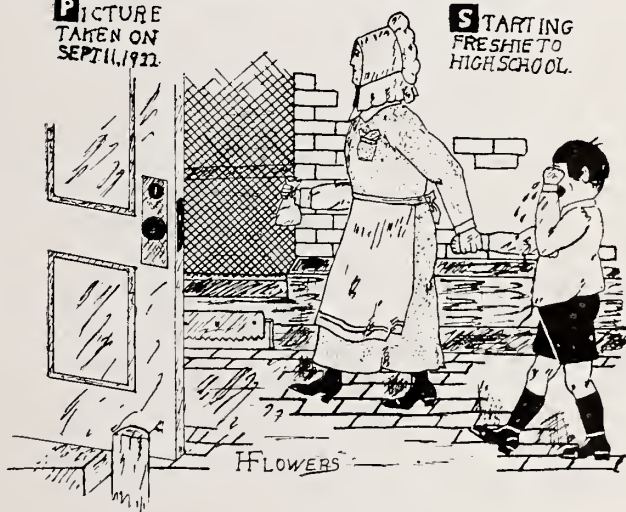
Both men wore a very foolish expression as Mr. Owens said, “What fools we are! If we'd only thought we would have known ghosts do not exist. But Mary got me excited and I never stopped to think. I'll sure murder that rat. Think of all the trouble it has caused.”

—Rossie Duncan, '25.

FRESHMEN

PICTURE
TAKEN ON
SEPT 11, 1911.

STARTING
FRESHIE TO
HIGH SCHOOL.



FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

MILDRED THOMPSON, President.

EVELYN RAYPOLE, Vice-President.

ESTYL LANDIS, Secretary.

MABEL HART, Treasurer.

CLASS COLORS:

Brown and Gold.

CLASS ROLL:

Roxie Barcus
 Carl Beamer
 Henry Boggs
 Anna Brateman
 Samuel Brateman
 Wilda Davis
 James Deck
 Gerald Egolf
 Harold Fleck
 Mildred Flowers
 Rhoda Frazier
 Mabel Gordon
 Ernest Gross
 Arlo Gump
 Mabel Hart
 Eva Herron
 Max Hammel
 Thelma Hyndman
 Pauline Johnson
 Irene Krider
 Kenneth Krider

Estyl Landis
 Dallas Leitch
 Joe Long
 Iva McCullough
 Wiladean McConnell
 Mildred McGuire
 Clarence McGuire
 Everett Ott
 Helen Rapp
 Evelyn Raypole
 Lois Raypole
 Helen Reed
 Emily Smith
 Mildred Thompson
 Edmond Turner
 Charles Van Meter
 Nancy Wade
 Belva Workman
 Millard Yant
 Trevor Bonar



THE DIFFICULTIES OF A FRESHMAN

IT should not be at all difficult for any one who has experienced the trials and hardships of his first year in high school to understand the thoughts of a freshman. I therefore write this explanation for the benefit of those who have not been so unlucky or (as in the case of the teachers) who have dismissed these thoughts on graduating from college about twenty or thirty years ago.

As algebra is the first in the morning I will start with it, and the teacher of this difficult subject, Mr. Smith. I, like most of the poor inexperienced freshies mistook algebra for an easy subject and spent very little time on it at the first of the year. I got by with it until we came to consecutive numbers and I don't believe anyone could get by it without knowing the letters of the alphabet in order.

Our next difficulty was "Special Products and Factoring," and I have not yet been convinced that anyone has been able to remember all seven cases and their type forms. It could easily be imagined what the result would be of such pupils meeting fractions.

I will next go to our Latin class with its conjugations and declensions and our teacher, Miss Welsheimer, who (according to the views of the freshmen) runs a good chance of publishing a Latin dictionary surpassing all previous editions. Just imagine the feelings of a member of the class when asked a question in Latin to which he cannot answer as he doesn't have the least idea of the meaning of the question. It is far worse when a broad minded teacher asks you to decline a verb or conjugate a noun and you innocently get up and do it exactly right and after resuming your seat, you are made to understand, between strange outbursts of laughter, that you have accomplished the impossible.

I will next endeavor to describe our botany class which meets in a snug little room where the mercury stands at fifty-four above on a fine spring morning. Before us stands a brilliant looking young lady, who has been judged by some of the seniors to be just old enough to vote next election. She will soon lead you into conversation involving such words as Webster gave up as hopeless when publishing his dictionary. As the period slowly wear away you will notice some commotion at one of the tables and presently our teacher will mention something about a romance. How on earth do you expect an innocent freshie to get anything out of such incomprehensible language as that? I gave it up long ago.

Next we come to our English class which is last but far from least. The outcome of this depends greatly upon Mr. Thompson the proprietor of a widely advertised restaurant where our teacher Mr. McGuire is often known to dine. Here we meet with many more words which Webster overlooked in publishing his International. I now thoroughly believe that anyone who reads this will know how to sympathize with a freshie.

—Edmond Turner, '26.





CHURUBUSCO HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION—OFFICERS

DONALD I. DAVIS, President.

THOMAS RUBLE, Vice-President.

THELMA THOMPSON, Secretary.

JOSEPH WEAVER, Treasurer.

SEASON'S SCORES:

'Busco 21	there	Larwill 16
'Busco 17	there	Monroeville 34
'Busco 30	here	LaOtto 19
'Busco 26	here	Larwill 5
'Busco 12	there	Washington Center 21
'Busco 21	here	Monroeville 28
'Busco 9	there	Harlan 20
'Busco 18	here	South Whitley 30
'Busco 31	here	Etna 21
'Busco 5	there	LaOtto 13
'Busco 42	here	Huntertown 6
'Busco 3	there	South Whitley 16
'Busco 24	here	Washington Center 16
'Busco 30	there	Huntertown 8
'Busco 14	county tourney	South Whitley 23
'Busco 6	sectional tourney	New Haven 12



Top Row

WALTER R. MIKESELL,	Coach
JOSEPH WEAVER,	Guard
HAROLD RAPP,	Center
THERON GRAWCOCK,	Center
WILLIAM FULLAM,	Forward

Bottom Row

BERNARD MALONEY,	Forward
CLARENCE DILLER,	Forward
LEWIS MATTHEWS,	Captain
LLOYD GARRISON,	Guard
ROBERT BENWARD,	Forward

SYNOPSIS OF THE BASKET BALL SEASON

AT the beginning of the year, the Churubuseo High School Athletic Association was created under the laws and by-laws of Churubuseo High School. A plan for financial support was devised, and carried out successfully, through the hearty co-operation of pupils and business men.

It was necessary to pick a new team since the regulars of the preceding season had either graduated or quit school, nevertheless, after a few weeks of practice and training a new squad was selected and put in shape for the first game which was to be played at Larwill. Forced to play in an out-of-door court, but with the support of sixty enthusiastic fans the crown of victory was brought back to Churubuseo. The next game, played with Monroeville was lost after two hard fought periods. The success of these two games may be taken as the criterion for the remainder of the season; first winning, then losing. The greater part of the season was injured by sickness from vaccination.

Much credit should be given the team for their sportsmanship in victory and in defeat for they could smile in defeat as well as victory. Their training and practice is also worthy of mention but regardless of all this after practicing for a full week on a small floor, then being subjected to a large one, as they were in nearly all games away from home, makes it impossible for them or any team to do its best. We are handicapped again when we make out our schedule, because good teams hesitate to play on such a small floor. Just what we need and want is a new gymnasium.

Our second team showed promise of good material when they were called upon, having won three games and lost two. The games lost were by close scores.

Our girls' team was composed mostly of freshmen and due to lack of training did not experience a very successful season, losing the majority of the games played.

The remainder of the school year will be devoted to baseball and track.

INTER-CLASS CONTESTS

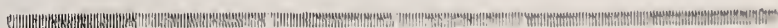
THE Seniors took the initiative in promulgating inter-class contests by challenging the Juniors, followed by the Sophomores challenging the Freshmen. Then the winners of these contests met in the finals for the championship in which the Juniors were victorious.

Great interest was manifested and good sportsmanship shown. Alibis were ignored, but that was more true on the part of the winners. That was a mean thing to do because it made the majority of us so insignificant.

Much credit should be given the Juniors for their calmness; the real thing that came out of it was the hope for a good team next year.

Our news service selected a "Mythical All-Scholastic Five:"

WeaverF
Van MeterF
Kocker (Capt.)C
YantG
DillerG
RefereeWm. Fullam



DOPE BUCKET IS UPSET FOR SECOND TIME.

(Harter and Matthews News Service, Ltd.)

Freshmen trounce Sophomores in rough and tumble game, with the Sophs doing most of the tumbling. "Sad news! 16-10!"

The rookies showed class and shattered the hopes of the "Invincible Sophomores" of being champions of the inter-class tournament, now being held. Deck and Beamer showed up best for the winner, while no outstanding star could be picked from the losers, although Kocker stood the best chance; standing on one foot awhile and then on the other. Johnson is a very fast player, "fast to the floor." Flowers was the shooting star "being shot" before the game was started. Casey Jones (K. C.) took his famous ride on the Van Meter locomotive.

"Benedict" Arnold showed renewed symptoms of his glorious charge at Saratoga.

"Cooney" Krider under the influence of nothing showed a second personification of "Horse" Haggerty, the Celt's giant.

Yant was also an outstanding star, standing on the outside, most of the time.

However due credit should be given the referees, "Mike" Mikesell who is affiliated with the "Hi Skule" and "Irish" Fullam of the "Yimpka."

FRESHMAN OBITUARY.

(Harter and Matthews News Service, Ltd.)

Score 66-5.

In a game that could be more highly appreciated viewed as a football contest, "Fullam's Ferocious Five" easily outpointed the Freshmen; scoring touch-downs, touch backs, and field goals at will. Lacking the usual football paraphernalia, the game was played with a round ball and on a hard floor.

The Freshmen were fast and furious. The Juniors cool and curious.

Mid Thompson's cohorts being anti-transsubstantiationistically inclined and under her highly hypnotizing influence, were incapacitated to the deplorable extent that they were deprived of the honor of being inter-class champions.

Landis started the fireworks by shooting at the wrong basket, the ball, being readily recovered by "Shorty" Rapp, immediately tickled the net for the first sad news. Fullam and Thompson excited the enthusiasm of an appreciative audience by their spectacular apprehension of the incriminating evidence (the ball being the only evidence of a game).

A. Smith, being a brother of a certain illustrious professor of this so-called institution of learning, could do no less than perpetuate the glory of his family and class by superb handwork (and foot work if necessary).

Weaver, being the son of a dentist, pulled the ball out of the mouth of danger and by clever work filled the gaps with his usual superlative efficiency.

Nickey of the "Sophomore Elites" donated a basket by the aid of "Matthew Arnold," the noted critic and "Pussyfoot" Johnson.

The light Beam-er and the burning Deck contributed their fiery support. Mention should also be made of noteworthy playing of Van Meter and Krider.

The Freshmen showed commendable sportsmanship but were the victims of brutal circumstances, being outweighed and most generally out-of-luck.

19 PERISCOPE 23



Top Row:

Wilma McGuire
 Mable Gordon
 Florence King
 Gertrude Madden
 Hazel Johnson
 Mildred Raypole
 Mildred Flowers

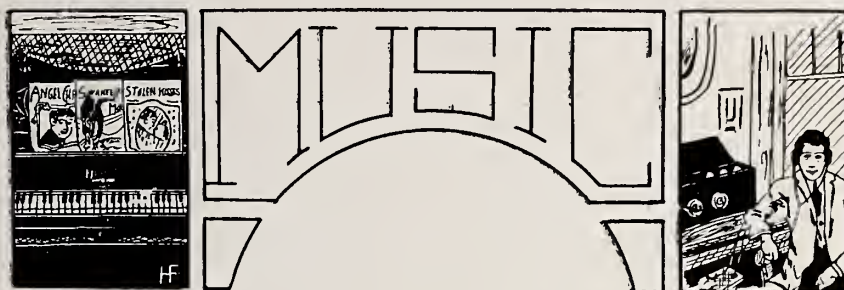
Bottom Row

Mildred Thompson
 Helen Reed
 Grace Flowers
 Anna Brateman
 Helen Rapp

19 PERISCOPE 23



19 PERISCOPE 23



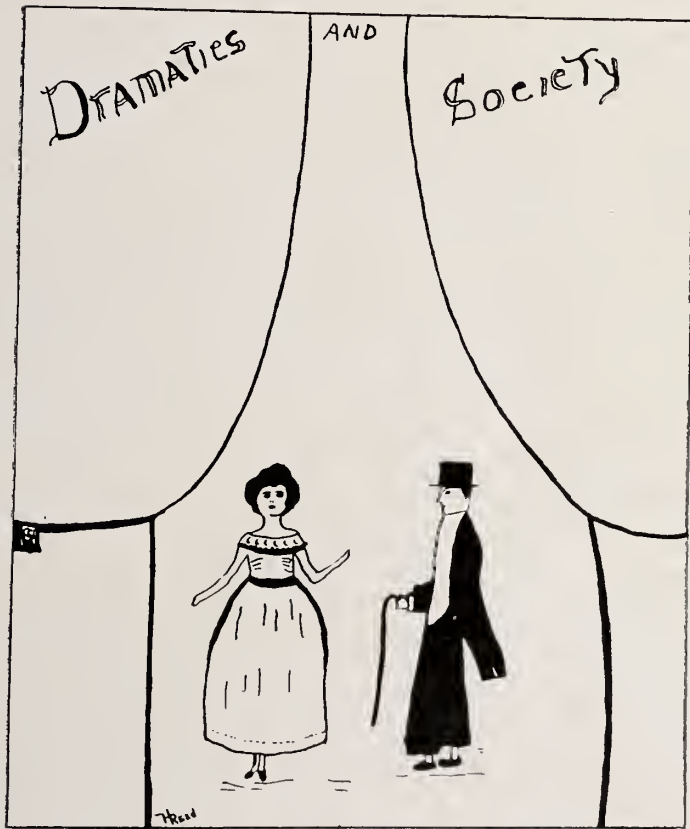
GLEE CLUB

19 PERISCOPE 23



Miss McCreery
George Shealy
Nellie Jones
Thomas Ruble
Frank Moudy

Guy Frazier
Robert Coulter
Neva Herron
Charles Brubaker
Helen Isay
Eva Herron



“A TAILOR-MADE MAN”

Presented by the Senior Class of
Churubusco High School, April 25, 1923

at the
Olympic Opera House

CAST

John Paul Bart	Thomas Ruble
Mr. Huber.....	Kenneth Fleck
Tanya Huber.....	Beryle Frazier
Peter McConkie.....	Donald Davis
Dr. Sonntag.....	Paul Krider
Mr. Rowlands.....	Theron Grawcock
Mr. Jellicot.....	Henry Flowers
Pomeroy	Everett Harter
Mr. Stanlaw.....	Clarence Diller
Mrs. Stanlaw.....	Hazel Johnson
Corinne.....	Helen Isay
Mr. Fitzmorris.....	Lewis Matthews
Mrs. Fitzmorris.....	Olive Pauley
“Bobbie” Westlake.....	Joe Madden
Wheating	William Jetmore
Miss Carroll.....	Thelma Thompson
Miss Flemming.....	Ethyl Yant
Miss Crane.....	Mildred Raypole
Mrs. Kittie Dupuy.....	Wilma McGuire
Bessie	Lolitta Boggs
Mr. Nathan.....	Lloyd Garrison
Miss Grayson.....	Marjorie Harter
Miss Shayne.....	Grace Deem
Mr. Whitcombe.....	Herman Pauley
Mr. Russel.....	Bernard Maloney
Mr. Flyme.....	Teddy Van Meter
Mr. Cain.....	Joe Madden

19 PERISCOPE 23

CLUBS OF C. H. S.

HOMEMAKERS' CLUB

Motto: Work, for the wedding is coming.

Eligibility—Only those having prospects shall be considered eligible.

Members—Thelma Thompson, Mildred Raypole, Ethel Yant, Nellie Jones, Bernice Deem, Mable Hart.

Faculty Advisors (On "How to Do It")—Miss Paige and Miss McCreery.

Pledged Members—Mid Thompson, Evelyn Raypole, Eva Herron, Hazel Johnson, Vera Deck, Helen Reed.

IDLERS' CLUB

Motto: Never do today what you can do tomorrow.

Members—Jesse Grimes; Vera Deck; Tom Ruble; Harold Abbot; Guy Frazier. Joe Weaver.

CHEWING GUM LEAGUE

Motto: Buy! Don't borrow!

Members—(We are to inform the public that through the lack of space we are unable to publish the membership of this organization.)

Faculty Advisors—Mr. McGuire.

Supply Agent—Everett Harter.

STAIR CRUSHERS' CLUB

Motto: Don't walk downstairs; fall.

Members—Ralph Thompson, Peck Grawcock; Everett Harter, Bernice Deem; Vera Deck, Olive Pauley.

Eligibility—Only those having large awkward feet will be considered.

SHOE SHINERS' CLUB

Motto: Shine your own.

Eligibility—Only those possessing wool stockings need apply for admission.

Local Demonstrator—Mildred Raypole.

SONS OF REST

Motto: We sleep! Wake us not.

Members—Theron Grawcock, Ralph Thompson, Hazel Johnson, Everett Harter, Tom Ruble, Mildred Raypole.

CRACKERS CLUB

Motto: Make people think you are not what you are.

Members—Anyone who wears sideburns or bobbed hair, who uses "Movie" oil or face cream, who dresses fine (or tries to) and hasn't got a cent.

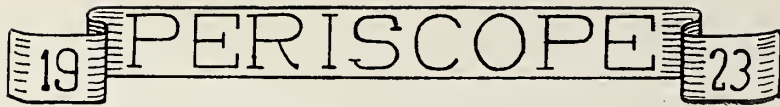
Faculty Advisor—Mr. Mikesell.

WOMEN HATERS

Motto: Remember the apple.

Members—Don Davis, Tom Ruble, Herman Pauley, Paul Krider, Henry Flowers, Jay Whan, Ray Barcus.

Faculty Advisors (On "How to Steer Clear")—Mr. Smith, Mr. McGuire.



SENIOR CALENDAR

JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

Friday, April 20, 1923
Methodist Church

BACCALAUREATE

Sunday, April 22, 1923
Methodist Church

CLASS PLAY

"A Tailor Made Man"
Wednesday, April 25, 1923
Opera House

COMMENCEMENT

Speaker—Arthur J. Folsom
Thursday, April 26, 1923
U. B. Church

SENIOR PARTIES

THE Seniors pepped up enough to have a party December the twenty-third at the home of our "old standby," Don Davis. Everyone expected to have a good time, because they always do at the Davis home; and good eats are always in store for a jolly bunch. Well everyone did enjoy himself and it was a fine idea to be together to have a good time after such a long period of delay.

The Seniors are a friendly bunch and to really show the Freshmen that they were still children they entertained the latter at a kid party, March the twenty-third at the school house.

Everyone was dressed as a Junior, the girls wore short dresses, half hose and their hair worn down with ribbons. The boys wore knickerbockers, half hose and middies. Several kid games were played and then the regular party games.

In one of the class rooms, prettily decorated in Easter colors, each couple enjoyed a dainty lunch.

JUNIOR PARTY

Yes, the Juniors have pep and parties, too. December fourteenth was the date of the first party. Many were present and the evening was spent in the playing of games and "lots" of conversation, especially the conversing of the girls. The Junior girls do talk, and it was just a fine idea to have a party so (perhaps) there would not be so much talking in the halls at school for awhile.

SOPHOMORE PARTY

Friday, October sixth was the first social event of the year. The Sophomores entertained the "new folks," the Freshmen at a party held in the basement of the Methodist church.

They spent most of the evening in playing various party games. A dainty lunch was served. The evening was enjoyed by everyone, especially the escorting home event.

FRESHMAN PARTY

The Freshmen entertained the Sophomores, March the sixteenth, at the school house. Party games were played. Although the attendance was small, those present enjoyed a good time and a delicious lunch.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE NEWS

THEY say the way to the human heart is through the stomach. The Domestic Science class surely won the hearts of the Churubusco teachers on November the sixteenth by serving them a six o'clock dinner, consisting of three courses. The dinner was enjoyed by everyone and the teachers proved themselves still children, in spite of their pedagogic demeanor, by enjoying the dessert most.

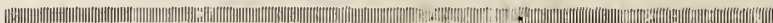
The Domestic Science department gave an exhibition, March the seventeenth, in the Domestic Science room. The work displayed was a proof that the girls were doing good work. A small lunch was also served to the public.

* * *

DAME FASHION

Styles are like historical events, always repeating themselves. When strolling down the avenue, you meet a very well dressed couple. The girl wears a long dress, the skirt of which is either circular or draped, a bloused coat, and a hat bedecked with ribbons and flowers. The boy wears a light suit, the trousers of which are cut with bell cuffs; the coat fits snugly; his hat has been carefully blocked.

At the dance the girls appear in beautiful evening gowns of many rich colors and soft materials. Spanish combs adorn the head dress. Satin and suede are the shoes worn. The boys wear dark suits, which are quite pleasing.



19 PERISCOPE 23



1903

Harry Brown, cashier.....Garrett, Ind.
 Fred Metsker, farmer.....Houston, Texas.
 Patrick Maloney, manager of Telephone Co.....Columbia City, Ind.
 Gertrude Magers, deceased.
 J. B. Sheadel, manager of Power Plant.....Columbia City, Ind.

1904

Edward Beavers, miner.....Anaconda, Minn.
 William Criswell, druggist.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Frona Fulk, at home.....Avilla, Ind.
 Edith Kent (Beavers).....Anaconda, Minn.

1905

Isaiah Bear, farmer.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Lynn Coverstone, auto salesman.....Falon, Nevada.
 Maude Griffith (Conrad).....Independence, Iowa.

1906

Arthur Beyer, physician.....Redwing, Minn.
 Ella Killworth, copy t.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Arthur McGuire, inspector of perishable goods.....Great Falls, Mont.

1907

Oakley Jones, deceased.
 Chas. Hire, teacher.....Bloomington, Ind.
 Marvin Smith, mechanic.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Herschel Hallopeter, operator.....Huntertown, Ind.
 Chas. Earley, pharmacist.....Clay City, Ind.
 Sidney Ort, merchant.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Harry Turnbull, deceased.

1908

Alpha Bear, farmer.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Flossie Early (McGuire).....Great Falls, Mont.
 Hazel Early (Thomas).....South America, Ind.
 Alta Fogel (Moudy).....Churubusco, Ind.
 Gertie Hire (Ott).....Churubusco, Ind.
 Alfred Jeffries, farmer.....Ligonier, Ind.
 Ada Johnston, deceased.
 Adda Johnston, unknown.

1909

Goldie Van Houten (Lancy), teacher.....Arcola, Ind.
 Chas. Benward, druggist.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Orpha Burden (Pettiford).....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Florence Hendrickson, at home.....Collins, Ind.
 Robert Hyndman, principal of school.....Hillsdale, Mich.
 Frank Jones, farmer.....Collins, Ind.
 Denver Ott, farmer.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Frank Reed, jeweler.....Kenilworth, Ind.
 Marvel Smith (Robinson).....Churubusco, Ind.

1910

John Beyer, pharmacist.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Ruth Chapman (Burwell), deceased
 Bessie Cramer (Shaul).....Columbia City, Ind.

19 PERISCOPE 23

Arthur Grawcock, salesman..... Gary, Ind.
 Nancy Hire (Young)..... Douglas, Ariz.
 Omar Zumbrun, laborer..... Fort Wayne, Ind.

1911

Jessie Brunton, farmer..... Churubusco, Ind.
 Judson Crabill, farmer..... Rochester, Ind.
 Grace Fulk (Jones)..... Churubusco, Ind.
 Arthur Hendrickson, farmer..... Collins, Ind.
 Lucy Long, clerk..... Churubusco, Ind.
 Margaret Madden, deceased.
 Lewis Maloney, farmer..... Churubusco, Ind.
 Lilly Mead (Harris)..... Morocco, Ind.
 Rhuea Parks, teacher..... Churubusco, Ind.
 Lucy Summers (Fulk)..... Churubusco, Ind.
 Cleveland Sefton, machinist.

1912

Fanny Arthur (Budd)..... Wooster, Ohio.
 Kate Arthur, stenographer..... South Whitley, Ind.
 Daniel Barnhart, farmer..... Churubusco, Ind.
 Russel Downey, lumber estimator..... South Bend, Ind.
 Samuel Egolf, farmer..... Churubusco, Ind.
 James Fulk, farmer..... Churubusco, Ind.
 Maude George (Fisher)..... Churubusco, Ind.
 Harry Gaff, farmer..... Churubusco, Ind.
 Bertha Hire (Magley)..... Columbia City, Ind.
 Oscar Isay, merchant..... Churubusco, Ind.
 Blanche Johnson, teacher..... Hometown, Ind.
 Frank Johnston, farmer..... Churubusco, Ind.
 Edgar Johnston, teacher..... Balmin, Ind.
 Earl Jones, farmer..... Churubusco, Ind.
 Mary Madden, stenographer..... Chicago, Ill.
 Mentor McDuffie (O'Brien)..... Goshen, Ind.
 Lynn McBride, farmer..... Churubusco, Ind.
 Robert Ort, dentist..... Amboy, Ill.
 Lawrence Ott, farmer..... Churubusco, Ind.
 Levi Sefton, machinist..... Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Eliza Sheadel (Pierce)..... Rivergrove, Ill.
 Helen Slagle (Akers)..... Columbia City, Ind.
 Jesse Slagle (Gates)..... Columbia City, Ind.
 Guy Thompson, plumber..... Churubusco, Ind.
 Ted Voorhees, operator..... Chicago, Ill.
 Lucy Wade, farmer..... Churubusco, Ind.
 Velma Whan (Kellam)..... Culver, Ind.
 Ray Zinn, farmer..... Ari, Ind.
 Wildah Zumbrun, teacher..... Green Center, Ind.

1913

Bessie Benward, deceased.
 George Diller, clerk..... Churubusco, Ind.
 Edna Distler (Loungecker)..... Churubusco, Ind.
 Elton Harris, physician..... Salt Lake City, Utah.
 Fred Hendrickson, teacher..... North Manchester, Ind.
 Herbert Isay, salesman..... Jamestown, N. Y.
 Hene Kent (Rummel)..... Buffalo, N. Y.
 Mary Maloney (Riecke)..... Churubusco, Ind.
 Elsie Schrader (Sefton)..... Phoenix, Ariz.
 William Van Meter, farmer..... Churubusco, Ind.

1914

Lyman Ackley, professor of music..... Duluth, Minn.
 Millard Akers, address unknown.
 Lee Brown, vineyard overseer..... , Cal.
 Corinne Deardorff (Leo)..... Dysart, Iowa.
 Earl Gipe, mail carrier..... Columbia City, Ind.
 Neva Hire, deceased.
 Trilby Miller, pianist..... Churubusco, Ind.
 Perry Ort, lawyer..... Churubusco, Ind.
 Cecil Sible, master mechanic..... Douglas, Ariz.
 Ruth Sible (Willis)..... Atlanta, Ga.
 Huber Swihart, deceased.
 Fern Thompson (Bauman)..... Wolcott, Ind.

19 PERISCOPE 23

1915

Casimer Adams, freight agent.....Columbia City, Ind.
 Tyde Claxton, student.....Ann Arbor, Mich.
 Phil Downey, lumber inspector.....South Bend, Ind.
 Katy Diller (Zinn).....Churubusco, Ind.
 Gladys Hall, teacher.....Ardis, Ill.
 Mary Harris (Church).....Peru, Ind.
 Edith Hire (Rust).....Arcola, Ind.
 Fae Johnston (McComb).....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Mary Kocker Figlestaller.....South Bend, Ind.
 Ross McConnell, insurance agent.....Omaha, Neb.
 Francis Miller (Ort).....Churubusco, Ind.
 Merl Rust, farmer.....Arcola, Ind.
 Hilda Weaver, bookkeeper.....Churubusco, Ind.

1916

Tony Arthur, mechanic.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Amanda Claxton (Baungardner).....Butler, Ind.
 Beatrice Greenwalt, nurse.....Missouli, Mont.
 Lilah Jackson (DeWood).....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Herschel Jones, baker.....South Whitley, Ind.
 Marie Stockert, telephone operator.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Guy Swanders, farmer.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Shirley Turnbull, clerk.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Berneice Witters (Leitz).....La Paz, Ind.
 Hearl Zumburn, student.....Bloomington, Ind.

1917

Roscoe Anderson, laborer.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Jay Arthur, stockbuyer.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Russel Bennett, farmer.....Collins, Ind.
 Robert Brawn, salesman.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Pearl Brumbaugh, teacher.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Helen Deem (Smith).....Churubusco, Ind.
 Ona Dominy, deceased.
 Dorothy Geiger (Gause).....Churubusco, Ind.
 Edna Hire, student.....Bloomington, Ind.
 Julius Isay, salesman.....Portland, Ind.
 Mary Johnson (Connor).....Churubusco, Ind.
 John Jones, farmer.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Eileen Madden, stenographer.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Arthur McGuire, mine operator.....Dansville, Ill.
 Alta Ort, pianist.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Marjorie Richey (Johnston).....Churubusco, Ind.
 Robert Ruble, freight representative.....Richmond, Ind.
 Ralph Shanabarger, mechanic.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Helen Smith (Ruble).....Richmond, Ind.
 Merle Smith, notary public.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Homer Stockert, farmer.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Susie Wade (Renkenberger).....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Leone Watterson (Brown).....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Ruth Watterson, teacher.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Arthur Welsheimer, student.....Chicago, Ill.

1918

Maxie Boggs, laborer.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Elizabeth Diller, clerk.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Herman Fogel, cream tester.....Nappanee, Ind.
 Lenita Grawcock, clerk.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Murray Johnson, laborer.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Harry King, laborer.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Marie Krider (Hoog).....Churubusco, Ind.
 Estella McCoy (Distler).....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Dwight Parish, waiter.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Forrest Richey, farmer.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Mildred Rust, student.....Indianapolis, Ind.
 Mildred Smith (Gates).....Columbia City, Ind.
 Lois Watterson, stenographer.....Fort Wayne, Ind.

1919

Maxie Beavers (McCoy).....Churubusco, Ind.
 Rhuea Benhour, teacher.....Warsaw, Ind.

19 PERISCOPE 23

Arthur Bonar, mechanic.....Churubusco, Ind.
 John Brunton, auctioneer.....Decatur, Ind.
 Lowell Delanvy, mechanic.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Byron Downey, student.....Bloomington, Ind.
 Helen Egolf (Shively).....Columbia City, Ind.
 Hildreth Egolf (Moore).....Columbia City, Ind.
 Robert Felger, farmer.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Vivian Garrison (Tobias).....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Walter Gordon, plumber.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Murray Harrold, farmer.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Miriam Harter, maid.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Bernice Hyndman (Gatwood).....Muncie, Ind.
 Alva Herron, mail clerk.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Velma Keltner (Miller).....Churubusco, Ind.
 Paye Lacy (Johnston).....Balmin, Ind.
 Paul Leaman, student.....Bloomington, Ind.
 Catherine Madden, stenographer.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Virgil McGuire, foreman at knitting mills.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Lloyd Miller, teacher.....Dana, Ind.
 Leonard Rapp, farmer.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Hazel Slagle, at home.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Marcile Smith, at home.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Gladys Stroh (Gordon).....Churubusco, Ind.
 Calvin Swihart, teacher.....—, Georgia.
 Ollie Truelove, teacher.....Larwill, Ind.

1920

Theodore Bauman, farmer.....Monon, Ind.
 Marie Bennett (Beck).....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Louis Deem, teacher.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Charlotte Diller, clerk.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Hoadley Dominy, farmer.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Wilma Gordon (Goshen).....La Paz, Ind.
 Guilia Hyndman, teacher.....Huntertown, Ind.
 Ruth Lacy, clerk.....Bippus, Ind.
 Mabel Van Meter (Wagner).....Churubusco, Ind.
 Martha Wade, deceased.

1921

Alta Arthur, teacher.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Janis Barr (Crabill).....Angola, Ind.
 Harley Barrett, at home.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Alene Duglay, at home.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Luther Felger, farmer.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Welda Krider, teacher.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Alvina Riecke, stenographer.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Russell Rockhill, clerk.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Gladys Sible, maid.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Eva Sible (Gordon).....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Marguerite Smith, student.....Indianapolis, Ind.
 Thebna Smith, stenographer.....Mishawaka, Ind.
 Mabel Stockert, clerk.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Edith Stroh (Bonar).....Churubusco, Ind.
 Harry Thompson, student.....Bloomington, Ind.
 Nellie Valentine, student.....Fort Wayne, Ind.

1922

Cecil Alban, machinist.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Otis Cramber, clerk.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Mildred Casper, at home.....St. Joe, Ind.
 Mary Deck, at home.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Gertrude Fullam, teacher.....Columbia City, Ind.
 Erma Gross, seamstress.....Columbia City, Ind.
 Edith Gump, teacher.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Erlene Johnson, student.....Athens, Ohio
 Ronald Johnson, laborer.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Amelia Pence, student.....Oxford, Ohio
 Clare Slagle, at home.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Hildreth Slagle, nurse.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Forrest Thompson, laborer.....Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Arthur Van Meter, farmer.....Churubusco, Ind.
 Henry Veazy, at home.....Hamilton, Ind.



INDIANA

INDIANA is located just west of the presidency, southwest of Chicago and twenty-four hours by mail from the prominent publishing houses of the United States. It has 2,930,544 people who are so equally divided politically that a birth of twins in a Republican family has an effect on the betting odds twenty-one years later.

Indiana has vibrated between Republicanism and Democracy with great intelligence and foresight, having only guessed wrong, nationally, once in its history.

Indiana abutts on Lake Michigan, and is rapidly covering its sands in the north with factories which have escaped from Chicago to the immense disgust of the latter. South of this is the natural gas belt which was first discovered because of the great output of statesmen in this vicinity. A stratum of authors lies south of the natural gas belt, while a thick deposit of colleges covers the western border of the state. South of the author belt is Ancient Indiana, which was settled first, but is now given over largely to the product of quaint characters for fiction, being unexcelled for this purpose.

Indiana people are intensely loyal to their state; and are bound together by common ties, chiefly interurban ties. It is possible to catch a nine a. m. car to Indianapolis from almost any Indiana town, and to return before evening, laden with good cheer and a best seller.

Indiana people have supported each other for office so vigorously that the state's production of public men is second only to Ohio, and it has supported authors so courageously that the Congressional Library at Washington has been compelled to rent a large barn as an annex to its Indiana department. Riley, Ade, Tarkington, McCutcheon, Eggleston, Wallace, Nicholson, Major, Thompson, and Kim Hubbard are the products of which Indiana is the fondest, and the state firmly believes that if Shakespeare had lived near an Indiana college he might have been a great author, too.

Indiana people helped free the colonies and the negroes, with exceptional bravery, and are now discussing the personal liberty question. The state is not growing very rapidly, but when annexes to Chicago and Pittsburgh are completed and in full blast it will cover the swamps of the northeast section with colleges and Carnegie libraries.

—Herman Pauley '23.

THE OLD HOME TOWN

THOUGH the Goshen road, now the Lincoln Highway, through Smith township, was one of the earliest thoroughfares; and the settlements among the very earliest, there was no postoffice in the vicinity until the establishment of the one at Churubusco, September 11, 1848.

Thomas B. Cunningham was the postmaster and kept the office at his home on the Goshen road, northwest of the present town of Churubusco, near the present site of the Flowers' home.

The name "Churubusco" was taken from the place in Mexico, made famous by the Mexican war. Just how the name began to be applied is very interesting: There was an old fiddler who made his home with Cunningham, the postmaster, and was continually "sawing off" a tune "Churubusco."

There were two town sites: Frankfort, the name applied to the site, where Cunningham ran a postoffice, and Union, the name applied to the present site of Churubusco.

There was quite a controversy as to which name should survive. It was finally decided that Churubusco should be the name, and the plat known as Union should be the location.

The postoffice was located here and the new town, Churubusco, started to live up to its literal meaning: Churubusco an Indian name, "Churu," meaning beautiful or neat and orderly, and "busco," meaning gateway or portal. It surely has lived up to its honored name till the present day.

From the establishment of the postoffice at Churubusco, the present location July 1, 1854, Churubusco was on the mail route from Fort Wayne to Elkhart. The terminus was later made Goshen instead of Elkhart. Still later it was changed to a route from Fort Wayne to Albion. It continued to remain on this route until the completion of the railroad known then as the Eel River Railroad.

The Eel River Railroad was completed in 1871. The first train was run through 'Busco in October of the same year and Churubusco became a "booming" town. Laborers and tradesmen flocked in faster than houses could be built for their accommodation; so in a few years Churubusco became the second town in population of Whitley county. It soon became the best point on the new railroad and still holds its honored place.

Churubusco like other booming towns, gave the aspiring printer his opportunity. In 1876 William Gross established the "Churubusco News" later known as the "Herald."

In 1878 the "Sunbeam" made its appearance. About the same time the "White Elephant," the protege of Amos Yocum, the postmaster, made its appearance, but both like their proprietors have folded their tents and left.

It remained for V. A. Geiger to make a success of the newspaper in Churubusco. He purchased the "Sunbeam" plant and transformed it into the "Truth" office, which continues to turn out the most readable newspaper of northern Indiana.

The first bank of Churubusco was established in 1888 by William A. Allen of Sturgis, Michigan, a deaf mute but wealthy and of good qualities. He established the first bank in a little building where the Madden meat market is now located, but the bank failed.

Oscar Gandy purchased the furnishings and established the "Exchange Bank," which at the present time is doing a prosperous business. Later the Farmers Bank was established which has made a great showing in the business world.

In the meantime many other buildings sprung up including churches, dry goods stores, drug stores, and all buildings necessary to make a prosperous town.

While yet the red men roved unmolested through the forests of northern Indiana, some of our intelligent "Buscoites" were agitating the question of education or school system. Alexander Knisely made the first uniform course of study for the county.

In 1875 a new brick school house was erected. Previous to this time a school in the south end of town, but it became too small and school was taught in different rooms over town.

About 1885 James B. Humphreys came to Churubusco and was employed in town schools. He organized a few classes in "higher branches"; taught Algebra, Rhetoric and Natural Philosophy to the students who cared for advanced work, and to this the high school at Churubusco owes its origin.

At the time Claude Beltz was superintendent the high school was commissioned as a four year high school. It is attended now by students from all the surrounding townships, with a total enrollment of one hundred and twenty-five, which is the largest township high school in Whitley county.

The high school and the business men at the present time work together with the best of unison, along all lines of activities. No doubt if this good feeling continues, and it shall, Churubusco in the near future will be seen with a new up-to-date school building, which is necessary to do justice to the younger generation, who must take the place of the old "Buscoites" and make things go on as smoothly as in the past.

It has always been the aim of all enthusiastic "Buscoites" that the next year will see them just a little better. With this aim in mind long ago, you can see how easy it has been for 'Busco to prosper, so much more rapidly than other towns, for the simple reason, that they did not have to wait till Coue came over to tell them how to do it.

—Bernard Maloney, '23.

* * *

A FRESHMAN STUDYING ENGLISH

Oh my! such is life. I never have been able to understand why my parents will not go to an uncivilized land, when they know that is my greatest desire. Then I would never have to study this dreadful old English. I can not see what good school is anyway.

I suppose I might just as well begin. Then it will be over. Let me see, what is our lesson? I guess it is about verbs used as the subject. Why, I had that last year and it is so very, very easy. I even remember the sentence that we used to illustrate it, "John went to town." "John" is the verb used as subject. It will take scarcely a minute to get the other nine sentences.

Mr. Jones thinks that I do not know anything. He will find out differently today. There! I have my English. I am quite sure it is perfect and it has taken me only fifteen minutes.

I wonder if Betty and Jack will be at the game tonight. I suppose so. You never heard of them failing to go anywhere like that. He acts as if he were the king of England since he has been escorting her. I would not trade Jane for a dozen like Betty.

There are ten long minutes left, what in the world can I do? I will take a beauty nap, then I'll be all ready for English class.

There goes the bell for class. I certainly am glad that I have such a fine lesson today.

—Hazel Johnson '23.

A REHEARSAL OF THE HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

TO the reader: Before beginning this description, let it be said that all remarks are made with due respect to all concerned, and there is no offense meant and none to be taken. So saying, I begin —

"Please hurry and get your instruments, it's almost four now! What's the matter, Nellie?"

"O, Miss McCreary, I didn't go home for dinner, and so I didn't get my saxophone. I'm awful sorry."

"Well, why didn't you bring it this morning?"

"Fergot."

"You'll have to stay anyway. That's a rule. Sit down!"

Nellie sat.

"Why don't the rest of you get your horns? Eva, please hurry, and don't stand around and dream," says Miss McCreary.

"All right," drawls Eva.

Now ten minutes intervenes, during which time there is a scrambling in the office while each one secures his own horn, which is after all the minor part of the orchestra. Then a deep rumbling noise ensues, which grows louder, denoting advancement toward the assembly room, and a discussion of abandonment of orchestras in general and this one in particular is in order.

After an addition lapse of time the instruments finally manage to fall out of their respective cases and stands are distributed and every one gets lined up.

"Are you all tuned up?" questions the director.

"Yep, let's begin."

"All right, we'll play number seven first, "Our Boys."

"O, Miss McCreary, I just hate that thing! Why don't we play jazz, or something decent like that?" This from Charles.

"Get into position to start to play," says our leader, exercising her faculty for ignoring the valuable suggestions of ambitious students. "All right, one—two—what's the matter, Helen? Why don't you play?"

"I can't find my music. Where is it?"

After recovering the lost article, which was lying on the piano bench the orchestra once more resumes the task of displaying it's real unadulterated art

"One—two—three—four—everybody stop. George, what is wrong?"

"My horn's stopped up and it refuses to be annoyed by being blown through."

But after several attempts to make his saxophone the nice one it was before, it finally responds with a deep sigh, which means in horn language, "Well, I guess I might as well give in now as later."

"Now it's all right, I'm ready," says George.

"Now is everybody ready? All right, one—two—three—four—one—two—three—we're not together. Wait a minute. Helen, I wish you'd watch me and not play so fast. And Neva and Robert watch your time. You drag your notes too much."

The last two individuals mentioned, are perhaps by this time thinking that it would afford them much more satisfaction to drag certain other things than notes.

"Now everybody begin together, and stay together. It's 4:20 now and we haven't done a thing."

"Miss McCreary."

"What is it Nellie?"

"May I get a drink?"

"Yes. Now altogether, one—two—three—four—one—two," etc.

And there issues forth such a mixture of sounds that would have shamed the band of Coxey's army, if there was one, and if it could have been there.

After the piece is finally finished, certain parts which are played even worse than the rest are gone over again to the satisfaction of all but Miss McCreary, who has the feeling that she, at least, has pointed out the duty of the orchestra and it has done it, however nobly.

Then Nellie, the ever faithful timekeeper, comes to the rescue with:

"Oh! It's 4:31 and we're sposed to quit at 4:30. You've played overtime already. Let's go home, it's time to quit."

"All right, please take your music home with you and practice so you'll have it for next week."

But by this time the orchestra has conveyed itself down the steps with remarkable rapidity and a terrible racket, and only Mr. McGuire and an otherwise empty assembly room hear the directions.

—Helen Isay, '23.

* * *

IRENE.

She was a builder of air castles—a "reg'lar professional planner," so her Uncle Frank said. But regardless of that fact, she was nothing but a fat little country girl, with freckles and curly red hair. In the summer time she lived on her Uncle Frank's farm where she had a fine time teasing the pigs and chickens.

Irene had many tasks to perform while she was on the farm, all of which she simply detested, but which were absolutely required of her. To her, the most horrid of these were dish washing and potato peeling.

She completed her dish washing one noon and before her aunt could appoint her to another task, she dashed out of the kitchen, and away across the corner of the meadow, over the high rail fence, and into the peach orchard. She proceeded to her "sanctuary" which was a sort of playhouse situated in a shady corner of the orchard. An old hammock made of barrel staves was hung between two trees and she proceeded to make herself comfortable by stretching out upon it.

The moment she was in the hammock she was no longer Irene, but a fair princess, Rosalie, tall, slender, and beautiful. Just then she thought she heard someone calling her so she quickly placed both hands over her ears and again imagined herself the fair princess. She was on a handsome black horse now, riding through a big forest but she was lost and knew not which way to go. But what of that? The fairies would show her the way to the big white castle in which she lived if she had flowers in her hair.

She began at once to make a wreath with the dandelions which were blooming everywhere in the orchard. She had no more than started until there came a call from the distance.

"Irene, Irene!"

There was no mistake; her aunt was calling her. She fairly screamed "Yes" and started back to the house but she did not return as rapidly as she had left.

"Mercy sakes, child, do hurry! Most nigh six o'clock and not a bit of supper started yet. Now git them potatoes peeled double quick."

As Irene hurried past the row of evergreen trees at the back of the house she knew that a prince would have jumped out and saved her, had her aunt not been in such a dreadful hurry about supper.

—Beryle Frazier, '23.



THE AUTHORITY OF THE DICTIONARY

“**E**NGLISH is something no American can get along without,” said the English Grammar to the Latin Text as they sat on a shelf with their neighbors. “Yes, I agree with you, but will you please move over? You are pressing upon my back,” requested the Latin Text.

“No, I will not move over. Why should the teacher of the great American republic move over for a Latin book?” said the English.

“Yes, but you would be a very crippled English, if it weren’t for our Latin words. I know you are extremely proud of your Teutonic origin, but only think of the Latin words and words derived from Latin you use in every sentence. Besides I was once the language of a vast empire while you were getting an insignificant start in some German tribe. I think you might be just and give me credit for what I am,” argued the Latin Text.

“Oh, do be quiet!” grumbled the Geometry. “I’ve tried to get my triangles and angles settled to rest but you two keep quarreling. Have a little consideration for the feelings of others.”

“Yes, always remember your manners,” chimed in the book of Etiquette.

“Many people say that manners are a sign of a goodly stock of knowledge, you know.”

“But just remember that people could live without any of you,” said the Geography. “I am the only one of you that is really essential to people’s lives. I tell them the pleasantest places to live, where countries are located and how far it is from place to place over the whole world. Why, I even tell people where to get the different things they eat.”

“I see you are slightly proud of yourself,” sniffed the English.

“Your conceit is even greater than that of the English book,” said the Latin.

“Don’t quarrel!” exclaimed the Etiquette book. “Remember your manners! Remember your manners!”

“Let me tell you children something,” began the pompous Dictionary. “Do you remember the world war that people were talking about a few years ago?”

“Oh, of course I do,” said the corpulent History.

“I suppose you think you are the only intelligent person around here,” sarcastically remarked the English.

“Will you be quiet and hear what I have to say?” asked the dignified Dictionary.

“Yes! Yes! Hear! Hear!” they all shouted.

“Well, as I said before, Germany longed to be the whole world instead of a part of it. Instead of making her nation a better place in which to live she prepared for what she thought was going to be a grand victory. But instead it was the allies which won the grand victory. That is exactly what is the matter with you children. None of you recognize the importance of the other person in this world. Like Germany you have an exalted opinion of your own importance. I am very glad to see that I have been in time to instill some of my wisdom into your hearts. With these words of wisdom I will retire hoping that you will be as quiet as possible,” concluded the modest Dictionary.

“Wise man! He’s right,” whispered the English.

“Yes, he is right,” agreed the Latin.

“Yes, yes,” said the History and Geography with conviction.

“Silence!” said the book of Etiquette. “Remember your manners! Remember your manners.”

—Rossie Duncan ’25.

HOW I WROTE A COMPOSITION

I HAD IT to do; there is no denying or getting around that fact, but the worst of it was it had to be done before the next day. I sat with my head in my hands, letting my thoughts wander over every subject, although I knew they would not furnish me the necessary material for that theme which had to be written. Soon my mind wandered farther and farther away. I laughed aloud when I thought of how Ray and Paul were reprimanded for playing in Physical Geography Class. At length, the clock struck nine, and with a start I realized that I had wasted two hours.

Well, that theme simply must be written. With a good grip of the pen and with my "thinking cap" placed on straight, I thought "very hard" for two or three minutes but no longer. Soon my "mind was far away, sailing o'er Vesuvian Bay." When the clock struck ten I immediately set to work and, though half asleep, I attempted to write on the subject, "How I Write a Composition."

—*Cedric Peazey, '24.*

* * *

FRESHMEN

I.

Truly! Truly!
Can't you see
We are Fres'men
Climbing the tree?
Mercy! Mercy!
Can it be
We have started
In twenty-three?

II.

Surely, surely.
We are right;
Also, also,
We are bright.
We can stand
This terrible fight
And endure it
Through the night.

III.

Freshmen! Freshmen!
Let's don't cry,
We'll be Sophomores
By and by.
We'll go through this
Without a sigh
And will never,
Never lie.

IV.

When we're through
The Freshman year,
We will have
At least no fear
Of the higher
Things we'll rear.
And the toils
That will appear.

We will labor
Day by day.
Never shirk
Or stop to play,
And we always
Will obey.
Our knowledge
Will be our pay.

—*Samuel Brateman, '26.*

REMNANTS OF THE CLASS OF '24

ON THE MORNING of August 15, 1944, the long-wished-for day of the last few years of my life had arrived. It was the morning I had decided to leave for my old home town, Churubusco, where I had spent so many happy school days. Some amusing ones, too, when I think of those poor Juniors or the class of '24, with whom everybody sympathized.

As I was sailing along in my plane, my thoughts wandered back to the last time I had seen them, twenty-one years ago. I decided that as soon as I arrived in Churubusco I was going to find out what had happened to this poor lost flock.

I had only three more miles to go. I was a short distance from Blue Lake, when I saw a large fire near the edge of the water. I decided to land as close as possible. Upon landing I rushed to the fire and upon inquiring I heard it was the private home of a great novelist, Virginia Carter. I had read many novels by Virginia Carter but had never dreamed it was the writing of a former member of the Junior class.

After the fire I rode up town in an automobile. The old town had surely changed. Up the street I saw a large printing building with a name in big letters on the front that looked familiar to me. I made my way over to the building. Upon walking into the office I saw a large, husky fellow at the large desk digging into business affairs for all he was worth. This was no other than Sammie Gray.

We soon were talking of old school days and Sam surely was posted as to the whereabouts of his classmates. He had their history all written down with their present occupations and all their past history since high school days.

My attention was attracted to a large picture of Bernice Deem hanging in the office. But upon inquiring, Sam quietly replied that she was his wife. Of course he knew enough to go on and tell me what had happened to Joe Weaver.

As much as I could get out of Sam was that the last that was heard or seen of Joe was that he was seen by Lolitta Boggs going north on the Lincoln Highway with his dad's car and Tom Ruble's Hart.

After giving me this bit of news he handed me the paper on which he had kept a record of the rest of the class. Upon picking it up, the following is what I found to be sworn facts:

"Ralph Thompson is running a well equipped up-to-date prosperous blacksmith shop at Merriam on the Lincoln Highway, six miles north of here. He is deathly afraid the horses or mules will kick him; therefore, he has employed Frances Harter to charm them. He also has taken unto himself a wife, the gentle Bernice Gordon.

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"Art Smith, the Collins athlete, is now employed at the Truman Krider bakery of this place, punching holes in doughnuts. It is rumored that if he works hard he will get an advancement. If such be the case the little kindergarden teacher, Grace Flowers, has promised to take him as her lawful husband.

"Charlie Brubaker and Bob Benward are the only two hayseeds of the class. They manage the Stockert farm; they surely manage it, too. Both boss and neither one will work. The result is if any work is accomplished their wives do it.

"Ray Barcus and Cedric Veasey are owners of the largest circus that traverses the American sod, far superior to that of Barnum & Bailey, which was at its height when the men were mere boys. These two men were a circus of themselves when they went to school.

"Paul Grawcock is manufacturing a new brand of toothpicks, especially for monkeys. He has a standing order of one million boxes from the Barcus & Veasey Circus Company. Of course, this million boxes is made to order to fit the distances between each of the monkey's teeth.

"Harold Rapp and Jay Whan, known as the stalwart boys of their class, are now pulling down good salaries due to the advantage gained by their height. Telephone companies figure they can give them twenty percent more wages than the ordinary laborer and then make money for the simple reason that they do not wear the poles out climbing up and down.

"Gertrude Madden has made a great success in the movie world, and has just lately retired. She has purchased a large home here where she intends to reside.

"Bill Fullam, known as 'Busco's Wonder,' has made a great success in the business world. He now is manager of the great Piggly Wiggly chain stores, scattered from coast to coast.

"Everett Fleck is now in the Philippines, Christianizing the savages. It is said he can inspire the savages with more religion than any missionary leaving the American sod.

"Lilah Olinger and Nellie Jones are owners of a beauty parlor in Chicago, in which you can get more beauty than you ever dreamed of.

"Dorothy Sprouls and Florence King enlisted as Red Cross nurses in the War of 1930. They crossed the Hellespont three times and on the last time across they were the victims of Cupid's arrows, shot by two Scandinavian officers.

"William VanMeter is the last of our muses and last they all want him to be, because Bill takes care of his victims in great style. They all stay away very well but he eventually gets them, for he is the undertaker."

—Bernard Maloney, '23.

JUST BEFORE COMMENCEMENT

THE OTHER DAY I happened to be going down the street directly behind a couple of high school girls and could not help but be amused at what they were saying. Due to their excited tones and high pitched voices, I was an innocent listener. In due respect to the Senior class I shall not mention names, but suppose we call them Anna and Edith.

Their conversation was as follows:

"Well, I'll tell you right here, Edith, if they decide to have those terrible colored invitations, I'll not use a single one."

"Neither will I. It makes me so mad that those boys rule everything. I never did like our colors either. Same old thing."

"Say, do you like that play they read over tonight? Believe me, I don't! There's only one good part in it, and of course Ruth-ie, our teacher's pet, will get it. I had a notion to tell 'em so tonight in our meeting."

"Oh! why didn't you, Anna? That would have been a hot one. What do you think of our wearing middy blouses for commencement? Isn't that some hummer of an idea?"

"Will you do it?"

"Well, you just watch me and see. I'll let them know I can afford as many dresses as I want for commencement."

"Say, let us get ours made just alike, and as fancy as we can. Don't tell a single soul about it, though. That jealous little Turtle Dove would just love to copy from us."

"All right, that suits me. I'm going to wear my green silk dress to the banquet. That's the one thing we will enjoy."

"Oh, I don't know whether we will or not. If they have that old orchestra play, it will be more like a funeral."

"Why can't we have jazz music? Everybody likes that, and it puts life into things."

"Well, I'll tell the world we'll have them play jazz. I don't care what the Juniors say."

"Oh, Anna! I just happened to think I have that blamed old physics notebook to finish, or I'll not get a grade. It will be just like them to flunk me, so I couldn't graduate."

"Yes, I have one of those old book reviews to get ready to hand in. I just hate 'em."

"Well, good-bye, Anna."

"Good-bye, Edith, and say, if you get time come over tonight and bring your fashion books with you."

Then, as I tramped slowly onward, I began to think what high school commencement really means to a Senior. Knowing in a couple of years I shall have the honor of graduating, I wondered just what it will mean to me.

—Neva Herron, '25.

PLAYING THE GAME

HAD ANY "flunked"? That was the question of everyone as we assembled in the gym. The next day was the time to contest for the county basket ball championship. Our school had won the cup for three consecutive years, but this year Tom, Bill and a few of the other boys had "played low" in their studies, and if any of them "flunked," our best players as well as assured success would be gone.

One of the boys had remained up town, for Professor Martin had promised to telephone him the report of the "exams" as early as possible. He in turn was to bear the tidings to us. We patiently waited, comparing the answers each had given in the various "exams" and trying to estimate as nearly as possible who were near the danger point.

"I don't see why Bill had to loaf all year," pouted his sister Gertrude, in sisterly fashion. "I told him just what would happen, but he thought it would be a snap." Bill didn't even hear her, or at least he evaded family trouble.

Hardly any of us censured those who had low marks and whose "chances were slim" for practically all of us were in the "same boat."

It wasn't long, but it seemed ages, until Ralph came poking in with the desired information. He was naturally slow, but I never in my life knew him to be as slow as he was that night.

We took just one look at him and we knew the worst. Talk about Macbeth betraying his feelings by his facial expression! You just had to be within a mile of Ralph to know that something terrible was wrong.

Everything was just as quiet as could possibly be. He threw off his hat and said, "Aw, gee! I just knew it. Old Martin wouldn't have stretched those grades for a million cups. I'd just like to tell him what I think of him."

"I s'pose I was one," from Bill, and "What'll we do?" from one of the girls finally awakened us to the fact that we didn't know just how bad conditions were.

All began to talk at once. Ralph yelled, "Well, if you shut up long enough for me to tell you, maybe I will." Pause. "Bill and Tom flunked in English II, but Gert got through O. K. in geometry. Old Martin said it was mighty close for some of the rest of us."

Some were glad because they had passed, others blue because they had failed, but we were all downhearted because our best players had failed and just because of that couldn't play on the team for our final honors.

In spite of our attitude we were all relieved by Jim's "Oh well, kids, it's happened. We might as well make the best of it. I'm sure Bob and Paul will do their best as 'subs' and if we all do our best there's a chance yet; but you girls must stand behind us and help us fight for old M. H. S."

We all left the gym rather downhearted but determined to beat Baldwin High School if at all possible, for they were our one dangerous opponent.

The next day the visiting teams arrived and we were too busy to even talk of our bad luck.

At length the time set for the games came. Our boys played first with Baldwin. If they only won this game, their success was sure. They entered upon the floor with apparently as much confidence as before but we who knew them best could detect little signs of nervousness and uncertainty.

After the usual practice and vells, the game began, but not until our girls had given their "Rah, rah rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Team, team, team!" to show their loyalty to the boys.

Baldwin made the first basket but Jim got even for that with a field goal from center. The game was so closely contested, that at the end of the first half, the score was 12 to 12.

The ten minute interval was spent by our boys in receiving advice and encouragement from the coach and regaining their physical strength.

Again the whistle blew. We knew that the fight was really on. Each team scored six points. Five minutes left! Cheer upon cheer filled the gym, first for Baldwin, then for M. H. S.

Suddenly Baldwin apparently gained new strength. Their players scored six points! Fatigue was overcoming our boys, but they were doing their very best. The "subs" were playing and had played admirably all through the game. We felt lost! But no! Jim made a field goal! Another was made by Paul!

One-half minute left and the score stood 22 to 24 in favor of Baldwin.

A chance! Surely our boys could gain three more points and still hold Baldwin down! Bob, in a final attempt, started to dribble the ball from the opposite end of the floor. The whistle! Only a foul on Baldwin. Our hearts beat faster. The foul never touched the rim of the basket. One point! We could fairly see victory, when—"Time!" was heard and the game was over.

Baldwin had won the game by one point. We had lost the championship, but our boys had fought like men. Although the "subs" had played well, the sure shots of Bill and Tom's efficient guarding were very much missed.

After the usual cheer for the opponents, the teams left the floor. The defeat stung, but we were proud of our boys.

As I left the gym I met Bill. Downheartedness was no name for his mood! I can still hear him saying, "Believe me, there's more than one way of playing the game. I have just played it in athletics, while the rest have played it in the class room and during the study period as well. Never again am I going to play the game so one-sidedly that when I'm really needed I'm not eligible," as he walked away.

—*Thelma Thompson, '23.*

* * *

AUTUMN DAYS

The solemn, holy days are here—

It's neither cold nor hot.

It's too warm to wear an overcoat,

And a little too cold to not.

The grasshopper is dead and gone.

The skeeter's on the blink,

The flies are feeling might tough—

They'll soon be dead, I think.

The bumblebees have ceased to hum,

The butterflies have fled.

The katydids no longer call;

I think they, too, are dead.

I hear the wild geese, southward bound.

Go honking through the skies.

They make me wish I were a goose,

Or something else that flies.

For if I had a pair of wings,

Just wager all your wealth.

You'd see "yours truly" hiking south

In search of heat and health.

—*Kenneth Fleck, '23.*

MY FAVORITE SUBJECT—PHYSICS

YOU MUST let me tell you about the subject I think is the greatest ever. It's physics. Yes, I know it doesn't sound as if anyone would like it, but it is too good for any use. What is it? Oh my, I really couldn't give you an old stiff, cut and dry dictionary definition for such a thrilling subject as physics.

You have an experience—or is it an experiment?—Well, no matter—in the “lab” (that’s an abbreviation for laboratory—call it that or everyone will think you are naturally green) and there you find out about measurements, and lots of other things.

There’s density. Density is so clever. That tells how thick—no—well, anyway, Mr. Mikesell told me I was one of the densest pupils in the class. I should worry; he always says something about that nice to me every day.

“Now there’s the law about “For action there’s always an opposite and equal reaction.” Gee, I think that the reaction is generally greater than the action, because the kick that our old horse gave me last summer when I struck him would cause Sir Isaac to insert an exception into his law.

And the laws of motion are so interesting. But did you ever hear of the principle of Eureka? No? Well, it’s a very dramatic and thrilling story, and the hero’s name was Eureka. Well, one day the king sent for Eureka, and told him that he thought he had been cheated in his crown, which he had bought at a bargain counter for pure gold (you know, sometimes things are not what they are represented to be), and told him that he would bestow upon him his daughter’s hand if he would find out whether or not this were true. (No, that part isn’t in the physics text book but it seems like I have read it somewhere.) Eureka tried every way to find out whether the king’s crown was gold, but in vain, until one day, when he was bathing, the solution of the problem came upon him. What? Oh, no. I don’t remember how he could tell but that is secondary—and hastily donning his springing suit he ran through the streets of Saratoga—no, I mean Syracuse, crying, “Archimedes! Archimedes!” which is the Greek word for “I have it.” Isn’t that wonderful?

I know you would like the study of vibrating bodies, etc. I don’t understand it very well, but Mr. Mikesell says that when two bodies vibrate or beat in unison, or for example, when two hearts beat in unison, that explains the whole principle. What? No, it isn’t love. It is called sympathetic vibration. Well, they both mean the same, I guess. Isn’t that romantic?

But I know there is nothing absolutely as adorable as molecules. Oh, I know you would want to squeeze it if you ever should see one. That is impossible, for they are so small you couldn’t see one with an opera glass. No, I am not joking. But we had so much about them that I feel we were old friends, and I did hate to leave them and go into friction and perpetual motion. Mr. Mikesell said he thought there was only one thing in the universe that had the faculty of perpetual motion and that was Helen Isay’s tongue.

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Magnetism is interesting, too. You have magnetism when your molecules are all arranged in even rows. And then you learn all about currents. Oh no, not the kind you find in fruit cakes, but electric currents. You know the kind of thrills or chills that run up and down your back when you hear a burglar in the house at night, or that kind that runs down your arm when someone hits your crazy bone.

Some very smart men got a bunch of currents and put them inside a hollow wire and tacked them up on poles and in houses—then we had electric lights and telephones.

There weren't any currents until Benjamin Franklin caught some one day during a thunder storm, and I guess he made lots of money out of it after that, manufacturing currents.

Then I must stop and get that detestable old grammar lesson or there will be a special ninth period class this afternoon.

—*Herman Pauley, '23.*

* * *

IN LATIN

Bill Fullam is our best
When it is nearing rest.
He can always guess the end
By consulting his "Big Ben";
For then the class will know
That soon the time will be, to go.

The teacher asks, "Is it nearing rest?"
Bill solemnly says, "Ita est."
For Bill is so gay
He reminds me of a jay;
He is very seldom mad.
But when he's angry he isn't glad.
Miss Welsheimer says, "William, are you hot?"
Bill answers, "Yes, teacher, I are not."

—*Kenneth Fleck, '23.*



SCHOOL ATTITUDES

IF ANYONE takes a little time to look over the school room, he will be impressed by the different attitudes which the pupils have toward school work. He will find, however that they may be divided into four classes or types.

The first class, perhaps the smallest of the four, consists of those whom the law compels to attend school. They care not how their lessons are prepared, for they realize that they know far more than the authors of school texts. They waste not only their own time but that of their fellow students, whom they annoy for the sake of amusement.

A second type consists of those who come to school for the sake of athletics, and for the sake of athletics only. This group, also few in number, will not make a school, for studies should come first. They, however, are forced to devote special effort to the training of their minds, as the rules of the Indiana Athletic Association do not permit a pupil to take part in any interschool contest unless he is making a passing grade in at least three of his subjects.

There is the third type of student, who wants an education, but he does not want to earn it. He would like to pick an education from a tree, or better, from a bush, for he might have to climb the tree to obtain the desired fruit.

In the last class are those who are willing to sacrifice to get an education. They have the interests of the school at heart. They have their lessons carefully prepared; they are always respectful to their teachers and fellow students; any school activity is supported by this class, either by taking an active part in it or by encouraging others. This class, in my opinion, is the largest of the four. How happy and how pleasant school life would be if all belonged to this class.

Therefore, let us all strive to be members of this fourth class, and thus we shall make 'Busco High the best school in the state of Indiana.

Truman Krider, '24.

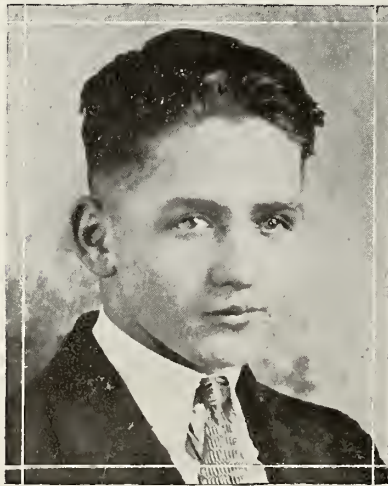
* * *

THE UNLIGHTED PATH

O! that path of darkness,
As we journey on our way;
Always hoping, always seeking
For a light which shows the day.
While our paths seems rocky,
Very seldom any rills,
And the light we hope to find
On beyond the darkened hills.
But we, the hoping Juniors,
In our lives that come behind
All along this path of "Darkness"
Sad misfortune we will find.
And as our paths get rougher,
All our courage nearly gone,
We will sight that blissful light
On beyond our darkest night.
O vain darkness! from your follies do we scholars sigh,
But in the future we will find and reach our goal so high.

Everett Fleck, '24.

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L. RALPH THOMPSON
Representative in
County Discussion Contest
1922-1923



NEVA HERRON

*Winner of
County Oratorical Contest
1921-1922*

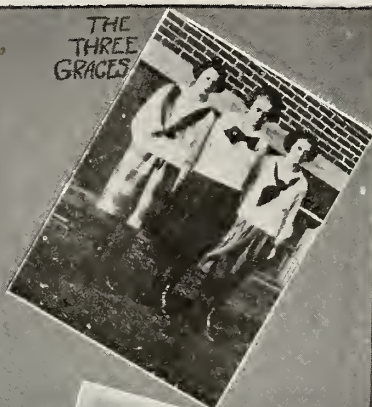
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THE
THREE
GOOFS



T.B.



THE
THREE
GRACES



THREE AND ONE



TANKING UP.



WELL!



JAY ROY (HIMSELF)



OH! HENRY!



"KATIE"

Aint
WE GOT
FUN?



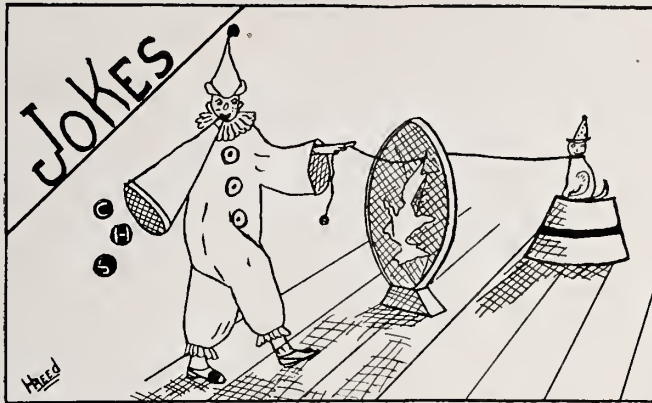
"KNIGHT
OF THE
BROOM"



"PREP"
GOACHES



"JOSIE"



BRITE LITES

Miss W.: "What is the chain on a watch for?"

Theron G.: "To make it fast."

* * *

Miss W.: "How many know the biography of Washington?"

Herman P.: "I never heard of him before."

* * *

Miss W.: "Most of the world's greatest women are the mothers of large families. For instance, Madame Scheumann-Heink is the mother of seven children."

Helen I.: "Is she married?"

* * *

Helen I.: "We want compositions from all grades. And we shall choose the best from each to publish in the Annual."

Don D.: "Let me go down in Miss Watterson's room and write one."

* * *

Mr. McGuire—"Spell the word 'funny'."

Jay Whan: "F-u-n-u-i-e."

* * *

Don D.: "Say, folks, the whipped cream was spoiled. That's the reason they whipped it."

* * *

Mr. Mikesell: "If a woman doesn't get the man she wants, God help the man she gets."

* * *

Neva H.: "I would like to know how many halves there are to a game of basket ball."

* * *

Miss W.: "Give the principal parts of the verb think."

Harold A.: "Think, thank, think."

* * *

Miss W. in Caesar Class: "Let's get busy on our lessons. We have too great a tendency to talk which I think was the trouble last year."

Bill F. (who flunked last year?): "No teacher that wasn't the reason. I didn't talk enough."

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"Look here! Do you say I stole that five dollar bill you lost?"

"No, I don't say that."

"Then what do you say?"

"Well, I said, if you hadn't helped to hunt for it I might have found it."

* * *

Mr. Smith: "Name the seasons."

Joe Weaver: "Pepper, salt, vinegar, mustard."

* * *

"I hope you wouldn't marry me for my money, Charlie."

"Why, Gladys, I wouldn't marry you for all the money in the world."

* * *

"Hard Heels for Sale"—Ask Ruble.

* * *

A DREAM

The scissors are cutting up, and the paper weight is trying to hold them down, while the mucilage is sticking around to see the stamps get a good licking. The ink appears to be blue while bill stuck in the file, and the calendar expects to take off a month. The blotter has been taking it all in.

* * *

Mr. McGuire: "I'm tempted to take you to the office."

Millard Y.: "Yield not to temptation."

* * *

Ralph K.: "I have one of Caesar's coins."

Frank F.: "That's nothing I have some of Adams chewing gum."

* * *

A city chap, desiring directions to the next town, stopped to inquire of a bare footed farmer boy who sat on a rail fence beside a rather poor field of corn.

City Chap: "Say kid, how can I get to the next berg?"

Country Boy: "Nothing the matter with your car is there?"

City Chap: "That corn kinda yellow, ain't it?"

Country Boy: "Should be, we planted yellow corn."

City Chap: "You'll only get a half a crop."

Country Boy: "Yes the landlord gets the other half."

City Chap: "Say you ain't far from a fool are you?"

Country Boy: "No only about ten feet."

The city chap drove on.

* * *

Tom R. said he held a good hand the other night while playing cards. We later found out he was holding the hand of the Queen of Harts.

* * *

William F. (giving the life of Richard Steele): "Richard's mother was an Irishman, no she was an Irishwoman."

Mr. McGuire (giving rules for spelling): "'E' generally follows 'r' in receive and 'i' follows 'e' as in believe as let the e-i-e-e run through your head and it will help you to remember the rule."

* * *

Miss Welsheimer: "What was the most important events in the life of Sir Philip Sidney?"

Harold Rapp: "His death."

* * *

Miss Welsheimer: "Who wrote Cotter's Saturday Night?"

Jay W.: "COTTER WROTE 'Saturday Night.'"



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Miss W.: "How much time do you need a day?"

Everett H.: "I need plenty of it."

* * *

Miss Paige: "Come right on in Mr. Mikesell." In stepped Robert Benward.

* * *

Miss Paige: "If you can't dress a chicken don't hesitate to bring it undressed."

* * *

Bob B.: "Chanceer was born in a wealthy family at a very early age."

* * *

Miss W.: "When was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Bernard M.: "In 1783."

* * *

Mr. Smith: "What is the capital of Europe?"

Gladys S.: "Russia."

* * *

Mr. Smith: "What is the capital of New York?"

Gladys S.: "I don't know but its color is pink."

* * *

Mr. Mikesell: "What is a couple?"

Everett H.: That which acts in an opposite direction about a moment."

* * *

Don D.: Never elect a Senior or some one who is going to graduate for yell leader.

* * *

Longfellow might have been a Whittier. What about Ruble's Hart?

* * *

Gladys S.: "Virginia's head is in the way.

Miss McCreary: "Virginia, please remove your head."

* * *

For Sale: Three volumes on Perpetual Motion. Paul Krider.

* * *

Theron G.: Do you know how to raise potatoes?"

Miss P.: "No."

Theron G.: "With a fork."

* * *

Miss McCreary: "I have never had a boy turn me down yet."

* * *

Bernard M.: "I can prove that the number 13 is unlucky."

Teddy V.: "How?"

Bernard M.: "Are not all the people that were born in the 13th century dead?"

* * *

Mary had a little steam boat,

The steam boat had a bell,

Mary went to heaven

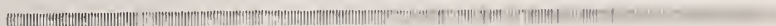
And the steam boat went Toot! Toot!

* * *

"Did you know that William talks in his sleep?"

"No, does he?"

"It's true. He recited in class this morning."



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Mildred T.: "Ellsworth please guide this ford across this bridge. I'm just scared to pieces to go over bridges."

Ellsworth (trying to console her): "We've got an old mule that's the same way."

* * *

Miss Paige (talking on evolution): "It corresponds somewhat to the family tree. Just like the Thompson family would be able to trace their ancestry clear back."

Mid T.: "Gee, that must have been a horrid tree."

Eva Herron: "It must have been a hard maple."

* * *

Mid R.: "Ted why can't we get married."

Ted Smith: "I'm glad you mentioned it, I meant to propose tonight but I had forgotten it entirely."

* * *

Mr. Mikesell (in physics): "Helen, you are wise and somewhat otherwise."

* * *

Mr. McGuire (in grammar class): "Paul and I are simple objects."

* * *

Mildred R. (in com. class): "My answer is 60.

Thelma T.: "Mine is two.

* * *

James D. (very innocently): "Why do we celebrate Thanksgiving?"

Don D. (very knowingly): "Ha! ha! that's when Columbus discovered America."

James D.: "O! No I'll bet that was when Moses first ate Turkey."

* * *

Miss W.: "I'll bet there isn't one in this room that can repeat the Lord's prayer."

Lewis M.: "I'd be ashamed to acknowledge it."

* * *

Teacher of Botany: "What was one of the most essential requirements for making liquor?"

Freshie: "Jumps and still is."

Teacher: "Jumps?"

Sophomore (in same class): "He means the jumps of a frog but in this case they would be hops."

* * *

History Teacher: "What was the Crusader's objective, Mabel?" (Wade.)

Mabel: "I don't know."

Smith: "What is an objective?"

Mabel: "I don't know."

Smith: "Could Frank be your objective?"

Mabel: "What?"

Smith: "Yes."

(Later—An objective is a thing sought after.)

* * *

Francis Harter (in agriculture): "Growing hogs should be fed oats, slop and—mash."



CAN YOU IMAGINE

Lolitta Boggs—Flirting.
 Lewis Matthews—Sober.
 Jessie Grimm—Working.
 Ethyl Yant—Not blushing.
 Everett Harter—Studying.
 Hazel Johnson—A teacher.
 Don Davis—Being bashful.
 Mr. McGuire—Using slang.
 Miss Welsheimer—Married.
 Helen Isay—With a fellow.
 Henry Flowers—A minister.
 Paul Krider—In the movies.
 Mr. Mikesell—Not laughing.
 Thomas Ruble—Not bluffing.
 Wilma McGuire—Sitting still.
 Teddy Van Meter—Proposing.
 Joe Madden—Looking innocent.
 Marjorie Harter—Making love.
 Miss Paige—Hopelessly in love.
 Mr. Smith—Pushing a baby cab.
 Thelma Thompson—Not talking.
 Theron Grawcock—Not sleeping.
 Miss McCreery—Playing "jazz."
 Grace Deems—Playing basket ball.
 William Jetmore—With his lessons.
 Herman Pauley—Running the relay.
 William Fullom—Not playing in school.
 Olive Pauley—As small as Guy Frazier.
 Kenneth Fleck—As large as Mr. Pauley.
 Bernard Maloney—Not playing in school.
 Lloyd Garrison—Dreaming of the future.
 Bob Benward—Angry at Charles Brubaker.
 Clarence Diller—Flirting with the teachers.
 Mildred Raypole—Coming in school at 8:15.
 Mr. McGuire—Teaching the Seniors how to read.
 Beryle Frazier—Winking at one of the Freshman boys.
 The Freshman girls on Monday morning not telling each other about the fellow
 they had on Sunday night.

FAMOUS SAYINGS BY FAMOUS PEOPLE

1. Mr. McGuire—"Hands Up!"
2. Mr. Mikesell—"Now, do you SEE?"
3. Miss Welsheimer—"Now class let's wake up!"
4. Thelma T.—"At this time WE find——."
5. H. Isay—"Tee-Hee-he-e-e-e-e-----e-e-e."
6. Everett Harter—"Etc., etc."
7. T. Ruble—"Y--O-uun-u-u."
8. D. Davis—"I don't understand that."
9. William J.—"I don't believe I know."

* * *

POETRY

IS THIS LADY YOU?

A lady stepped in Truman's car,
And firmly grasped a strap,
And every time they hit a hole, she
Sat in a different lap.
The holes grew deeper, the jerking worse,
Till at last she gasped with a smile,
"Will some one kindly tell me, please,
How many laps to a mile?"

* * *

A little dab of powder,
A little dab of paint,
Make a girlies freckles
Look as though they hain't.

* * *

I sent my son to Princeton
With a pat upon the back,
It cost ten thousand dollars
And got a quarter back.

* * *

IS THIS YOU?

There was a young man from Cork
Who never eat with his fork,
He ate with his knife,
Which endangered his life,
Oh, why was he brung by the stork?

* * *

Here's to the Seniors
The smartest of all,
Who needed no teachers
Cause they knew it all.



19 PERISCOPE 23



Sept. 12—School begins. Everyone looks hopeful, if not happy.

The "Fair" is in session today. We sincerely hope for the welfare of the school.

Sept. 13—Due to the above mentioned "Fair" the high school looks like "the morning after the night before."

Sept. 14—Rev. Mr. Glick gives splendid address concerning virtues that we sadly lack.

Sept. 15—Beautiful song service—"Hot Dawg."

Sept. 21—Rev. Mr. Wischmeier gave us an excellent talk on the "Development of Physical, Moral and Spiritual Body."

Also a regional holiday not on the calendar. Everyone visits the Kendallville Fair.

Sept. 22—Acting in perfect harmony with the information that we must accept the bitter with the sweet, Mr. McGuire demands the excuses of the "fair-goers." Everybody wilts simultaneously.

Sept. 26—Piano music offered and accepted by a member of the Senior class. Ahem!

Sept. 28—Rev. Mr. Bair gives a lecture on the parable of the ten talents.

Oct. 2—Blue Monday, but saintly singing led by Mme. McCreery. Ah!

Oct. 3—Miss Pauley, another Senior, sings a solo entitled "Somewhere a Voice is Calling."

Oct. 5—An unexpected visitor rendered a piano solo, namely Miss Alta Ort.

Oct. 10—A very spontaneous and entertaining talk given to us by Perry Ort, attorney-at-law.

A ring and pin agent came to pay us a visit and he talked and talked and talked s'more—but he was gently turned down. It's a hard life.

Oct. 12—An extremely pleasing piano selection played by Mrs. Acker—a past graduate.

Oct. 13—A fatherly discussion by Mr. McGuire on proper behavior. Everyone feels squelched.

Another ring and pin agent came from Saharaville. After due consideration and argumentation he was accepted.

Oct. 16—A duet for one violin played by Guy Frazier.

Oct. 17—Mr. Thomas instructed us in detail on the coming Hallow'een festival. Won't we have fun?

Oct. 19—Miss Welsheimer and Mr. Smith introduced the "Annual." We were delighted to meet it and gave it a hearty reception. Big question of the day: "Who will be the editors?"

Oct. 25—Exam in History 12—hurrah for us!

Members of the Annual staff announced. Sure was thrilling.

Oct. 30—Speeches by members of the Annual staff. Ho! Hum! This is a happy, carefree life!!

Oct. 31—'Bout everybody takes a vacation in the afternoon on account of the high school's part in all the fun at night. 'S going to be a big time—Hallowe'en,

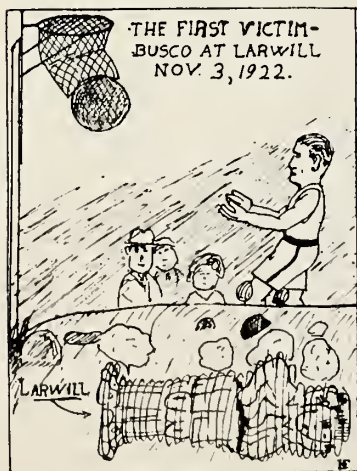


HIGH SCHOOL'S PARTICIPATION IN HALLOWEEN FESTIVAL OCTOBER 31, 1922.

y' know!

Nov. 1—High school full of makeup!

Nov. 2—Yell practice for the first game of the season.



Nov. 3—Big outdoor game at Larwill. We certainly taught them a few of the scientific and technical points of basket ball.

Nov. 6—Herman discovered his pet turtle was suffering from indigestion of the lungs, so he took it out for an airing in history class. We sincerely hope for its recovery.

Nov. 29—Thanksgiving vacation begins. Oh, it's not such a hard life after all.

Dec. 4—No studying—the effects of turkey.

Dec. 6—A curtain speech by Mr. T. B. McGuire on "Discords." Note: From just what we can obtain from it we conclude that he doesn't seem to think we are suffering from a lack of them.

A perfectly young pair of 'hot lookin'' shoes walked into the assembly room, followed at some distance by the Hon. Don Davis.

Enter—"The Hero."

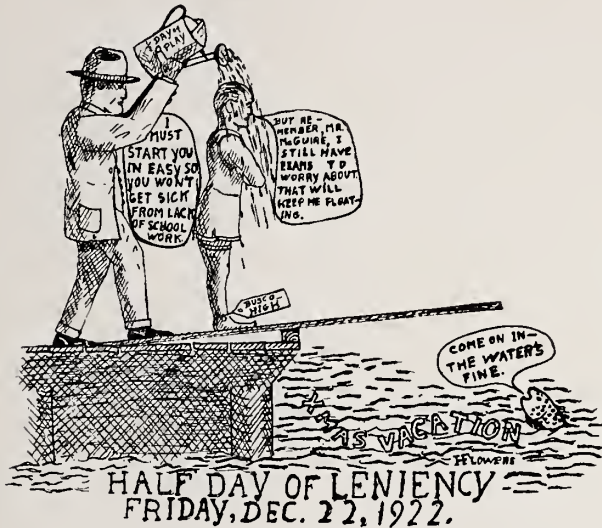
Wanted—The Heroine. (No old maids need apply.)

Dec. 7—An interesting talk on "Knowledge" by Rev. Mr. Glick.

Dec. 19—A very pathetic letter written to the Prof. bearing the weighty question: "Will Mutt be as tall as Jeff?"

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Dec. 21—Mrs. Thomas entertained us with three lovely readings. They were heartily enjoyed.



Dec. 22—School was dismissed for Xmas vacation, the afternoon being spent with spelling and arithmetic contests.

And there was ne'er a sad heart.

Dec. 23—We held a Senior class party at Davis'. "A good time was had by all."

Jan. 1—School begins again, much to the delight of the students (?). Everyone feels like the morning after seven nights before. It sure is the butterfly's ankles! The walls of the building have been beautifully painted during the absence of the occupants,

which makes school life a little easier to bear. (Can it be so?)

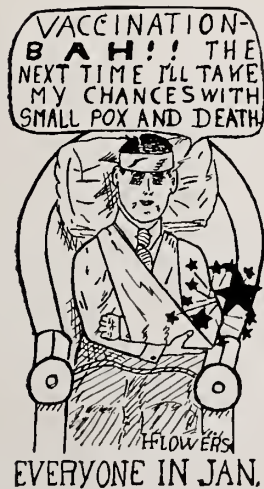
Jan. 2—Much comment over coming exams. Question for debate: "Resolved, there will be exemptions." Result—Negatives win without question.

Jan. 4—Exams. Everybody happy (?).

Jan. 9—Sammy Gray gets his pedigree read, and it proves to be a pretty long one. Fact is, it takes about thirty minutes.

Jan. 10—Seniors get speech on throwing crasers. Testimonials by each and every one and the entire period is given up to meditation, after and during which time it is sincerely hoped the guilty will repent.

Jan. 11—Prof. gives big speech on little case of smallpox. 'S all right, it gives us entertainment.



Jan. 12—E-trie! Extrie! No school—schoolhouse fumigated—vaccination begins.

Jan. 15-18—School very dull. Half folks gone—no one can study—everybody sick. Oh, gee! (Sigh.)

Jan. 19—Miss Welsheimer discovers a Catilinian conspiracy (I know those are pretty big words) in her Caesar class. Boys! Boys! Ah, me!!

Jan. 22-26—Not much school yet but we are slowly recuperating. (For which everyone is duly thankful.)

Jan. 30—Miss Ort played several of her own piano compositions. They were very much enjoyed.

Feb. 1—'Smore spelling—Seniors won as usual (we like us).

Feb. 5—Freshmen decide to keep up in athletics, so they spend the time rolling marbles.

Feb. 6—Grand lecture to Freshies by the Prof. concerning impropriety of recent athletic achievement.

Feb. 9—Yell practice. Speaking of Pep!!

19 PERISCOPE 23

- Feb. 12—Lincoln's birthday—no celebration but we all are patriotic.
- Feb. 14—Rev. Mr. Wischmeier gives splendid talk on the "Goals of Life."
- Feb. 15—Chorus sings a beautiful song. Hearty appreciation is shown by the boys stamping their feet, et cetera. Mr. McGuire becomes slightly (?) vexed and much to the sorrow of the chorus refuses to allow it to sing another song.
- Feb. 16—The chorus sings the encore of the song of the morning before. Everybody's happy.
- Feb. 20—Spelling again. Seniors win—almost.
- Feb. 23—Yell practice for coming tournament at Columbia City.
- Feb. 26—Another colored Monday. 'Sawful.
- Feb. 27—The orchestra performed. Most artistic!
Yes! Yes!
- Feb. 28—Edna Young cheerfully and beautifully performed on the piano.
- March 2—School takes up at 8:30—opening exercises utilized by singing and yell practice. Half holiday for the tournament at Fort Wayne—lots of excitement.
- March 6—Rev. Mr. Coverstone gives the story of the "Jamestown Flood"; exceedingly interesting.
- March 7—The Prof. is in a peach of a humor! Whee!!
- March 8—Group pictures of Glee Club and Freshman and Sophomore classes taken for Annual. Needless to say, it was welcomed by "each and every one."
Rev. Mr. Morrill and Rev. Mr. Bair gave talks in the afternoon.
- March 9—Seniors select "The Tailor Made Man" for the class play. That the decision was reached with harmony is worthy of mention.
- March 12—Rev. Mr. Coverstone gave a talk on "Education" until 9:20. Yum, yum!
Lolitta shows her colors.
- March 13—Rev. Mr. Morrill gave a talk. Quite spice, we should say.
- March 16—Whew! We never saw the Prof. in such a dangerous mood! Everybody's stepping carefully, and especially the girls. They're really in danger. He's a woman hater sure.
- March 19—Rah! Rah! Rah! No school after 2:30, 'cause the basket ball team and the Annual staff and board and the orchestra had their pictures taken, and it takes a long time!
- At the Senior class meeting, Wilma's vanity decides to go out and see the world so it rolls noisily across the class room floor, rudely spilling its contents. Great perturbation shown on the owner's countenance.
- It is decided we will give a "Kid Party" for the Freshies Friday night.
- March 20—It is discovered that the staff's picture was no good, so it was taken again today. But then, what can you expect—I ask you.
- March 21—The Seniors sent the invitation to the Freshies to come to the "Kid Party." The ambulance showed remarkable skill and dexterity in conveying the Freshmen to the doctor, who pronounced it nothing serious—only overcome by the shock.
- March 22—Mr. Mosher visited us and we were very beautifully entertained and instructed by means of his usual wit, humor and pep.

March 23—The "Kid Party" itself. It has been pronounced by authorities as the social event of the season.

March 26-27—The county nurse favored us with a visit. Everyone was measured and weighed—and some were found wanting. Pass the milk, please!

March 29—Mr. Bumgartner gave a talk to the civics class on practical banking. It was very instructive and interesting.

April 2—Mr. McGuire gave a short speech on misuse of certain conveniences. It is hoped that the whole will profit by the mistakes of a part.

April 4—Big race on! "Spark Plugs" and "Sassie Sasies" are organized and now all that is required is more women—harems or anything—to buy the "Ladies' Home Journal." Who'll win?

April 5—Beautiful spring day—it's snowing. Easter came too soon.

April 6—Mr. Bumgartner again gave a helpful talk to the civics class on practical banking.

April 11—Mr. George Kickler spoke to us on "Patriotism." Certainly was inspiring. In the evening was the oratorical contest at the U. B. church. There, my friends, you viewed the future Patrick Henry's and James Otis's of the country. Let it be impressed upon your minds that this was an honor and privilege of which very few could partake.

April 13—The Teachers Community Banquet at the U. B. church. And they came forth in all their glory.

April 16-18—Speaking of excitement and school—they never did harmonize. There is a great deal of the former and a corresponding lack of the latter.

April 19—Exams—"Oh! Oh! Oh!" Note: the three "Oh's" were taken from Mac-Why? The Junior-Senior banquet, y' know.

April 20—Can it be true?

The Junior-Senior banquet. (Boo-hoo.)

There's some poetry!

April 23—Monday of the Last Week! No discipline and everything is in a hurry. What isn't in a hurry is in a flurry.

(Please don't worry—I'm making this poetry.)

beth" and were uttered by his wife in all her agony. (O Dear!)

April 25—The Senior play. And here, my friends, was a work of art, unsurpassed in all previous time. From this night on, if not before, the Senior of '23 was treated with the respect due to one so learned and accomplished.



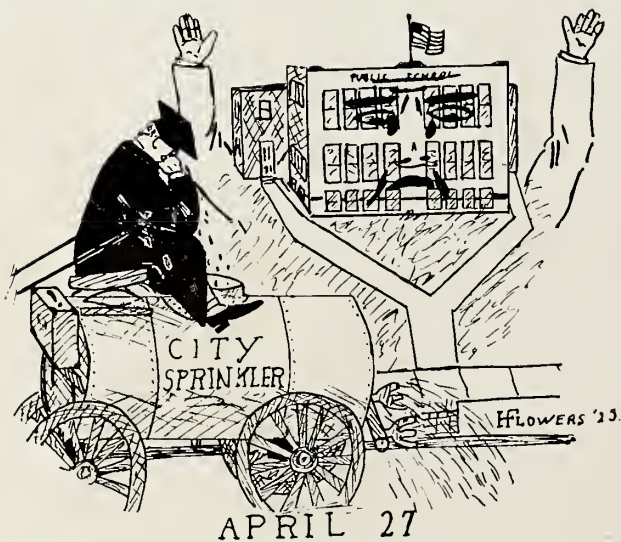
19 PERISCOPE 23

April 26—Commencement!! Did the Seniors weep? Well, I should say not.

April 27—The Last Day is here at last.

Everyone is on the mast,
Looking o'er the sea of life
To avoid all future strife. [Howzzat?]
Are we happy or sad—weeping or glad?
That's what this cartoon's for!

—Helen Isay, '23.





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19 PERISCOPE 23



Red & Peck
Big boys



Bill & Bob
Forward De luxe



Dashing Donald
Whoopin' 'em up



Capt. Lew
(Himself)



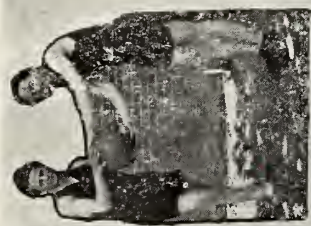
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Joe
Giant Killer



Mike



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Two of a kind



Jiggs
always up
and at 'em



Awful Gang
What so?



Whoa!

Ol' its
Red & Mid



'Ets Go -



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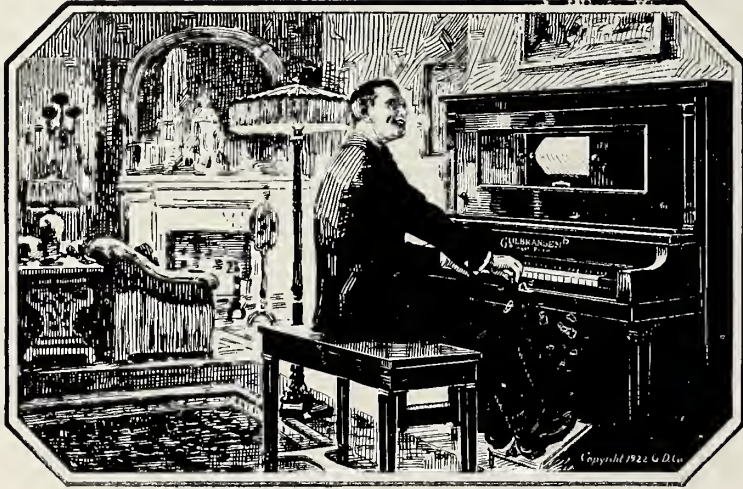
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Doctor to Patient--"How are you feeling?"

Patient-- "Alright except my heart."

Doctor--"We'll give you something to stop that."

* * *

Mr. McGuire--Have you read "Freckles?"

Edmond T.--"No, mine are all brown."

Senior--"Did you ever see the Pyramid?"

Freshie--"The Peer of Mid?"

Senior--"That's what I said."

Freshie--"Yes I've seen him, its Ted Smith."

* * *

Miss W. to Juniors--"How many of you ever saw a King James version of the Bible?"

Juniors--"Only three."

If it is a good thing

O
R
T
S

have it. Come in and see.

NOTHING
Takes the Place
of
"Gifts that Last."
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Jeweler.

Miss McCreery entering Isay's Store—"I would like to see your muffs."

Mr. Isay—"What fur?"

Miss McCreery—"Why to keep my hands warm of course."

James D.—"What is worse than losing your best friend?"

Arlo G.—"Working for your board and then losing your appetite."

Everett J.—"What is home without a mother?"

Frank F.—"An Incubator."

Samuel B.—"Is your composition original?"

Millard Y.—"No, I just made it up."

Mr. Mikesell—"What is an oyster?"

Beryle F.—"An oyster is a fish built like a nut."

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RUBLE, THE SHOE MAN.

Teacher—"What is velocity?"

Cedric—"Velocity is what a fellow lets go a bee with."

Miss Parks had written 92.7 on the black-board and to show the effect of multiplying by ten erased the decimal point.

"Now Oscar Joe, where is the decimal point?"

"On the duster," replied Oscar Joe without hesitation.

Waker—"Have an accident?"

Rider—"No thanks, just had one."

Mr. McGuire—"Which was the greater, Lincoln or Washington?"

Herman P.--"I think Lincoln was because he had to face the South and also people of the North."

Thelma T.--"Well that's nothing Washington had to stand almost alone in his battles."

Mr. Smith--"Ralph, can man change climate?"

Ralph T.--"No, he can't change climate but he can change climate."

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POETRY (?)

Tho sands die from kissing.
So ran the speakers gist;
But countless other thousands
Are dying to be kissed.

When the donkey saw the zebra
He began to switch his tail.
"Well I never," he commented
There a mule that's been in jail."

Truman sat by a deck,
His head was in a whirl.
His eyes and mouth were full of hair
And his arms were full of girl.

Harrold Abbot's poem for Eng-
lish 10.

Ruth rode on my new bicycle car,
On the seat in back of me.
I hit a bump at 55 and
Drove on Ruth lessly.

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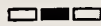
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AMERICAN POULTRY FARMS.

Senior—"Why is a piece of glass?"

Freshie—"I dunno."

Senior—"Huh, that's easy to see through."

* * *

(Mother to Son.)—"What did you learn at school today?"

Son—"I learned that the problems you worked for me last night were wrong."

* * *

Prof. of Physics—"What is a good conductor of electricity?"

Student—"Wh y-er-r."

Prof.—"Correct How is electricity measured?"

Student—"The what sir?"

Prof.—"Correct again. What is the unit of resistance?"

Student—"Oh-m-m."

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Mr. McGuire—"This article I
am reading is by the author."

Bessie F.—"But you will admit
I have a pretty face."

James K.—"Even a barn looks
good when it's painted."

Mr. McGuire—"Why were you
late this morning Teddy?"

Teddy V—"School started be-
fore I got here."

Olive P—"I wanted to see some
mirrors."

Clerk—"Hand mirrors madam?"

Olive P.—"No! Some that you
can see your face in."

Mr. Mikesell "What is a shad-
ow?"

Everett H—"A shadow is a space
where light is not."

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To eat bread made in your
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For 'Busco will grow more
prosperous every day in
every way
'Cause folks buy O. Shealy's
bread called "Every Day."

Miss W.—"What did DeLand
write?"

Kenneth F.—"Daisy of a Goose
Girl."

* * *

Dorothy S.—"How do you spell
Abraham?"

Miss McCreery— "A-b-r a-
h-a-m."

Dorothy S.—"I had it all but the
ham."

* * *

(Father to Son.) "My boy
when Abe Lincoln was your age,
he was through school."

(Son's answer.) "Yes, and
when he was your age he was
president of the United States"

* * *

Fruit Basket—A date with a
peach makes a pear.

There is always a place
For the man who knows how,
But the man who knows why
Is always the boss.

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Hieroglyphics.

YY U R YY U B
I C U. R YY. 4 Me

"I don't see why you call Red Grawcock stupid. He says a clever thing often."

"Exactly, he doesn't seem to realize that it should be said only once"

Mr. McGuire--"What part of speech is Last?"

Herman P.--"It is a predicate."

Jeff--"Say Mut, what kind of suits did they wear in the Civil War?"

Mutt--"Well Jeff the southern soldiers wore confederate suits and the Union soldiers wore union suits."

W. A. CUNNINGHAM

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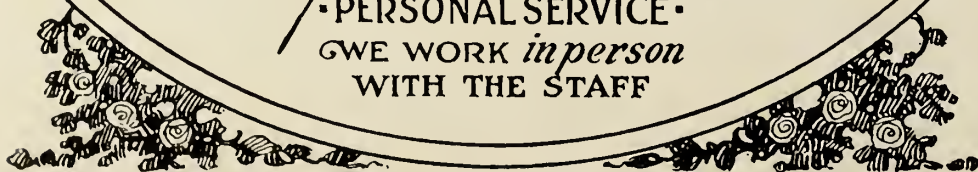
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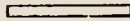
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Will shorten the way many a mile
For the fellow who's moving slow.
Stop a minute---and say "HELLO."



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